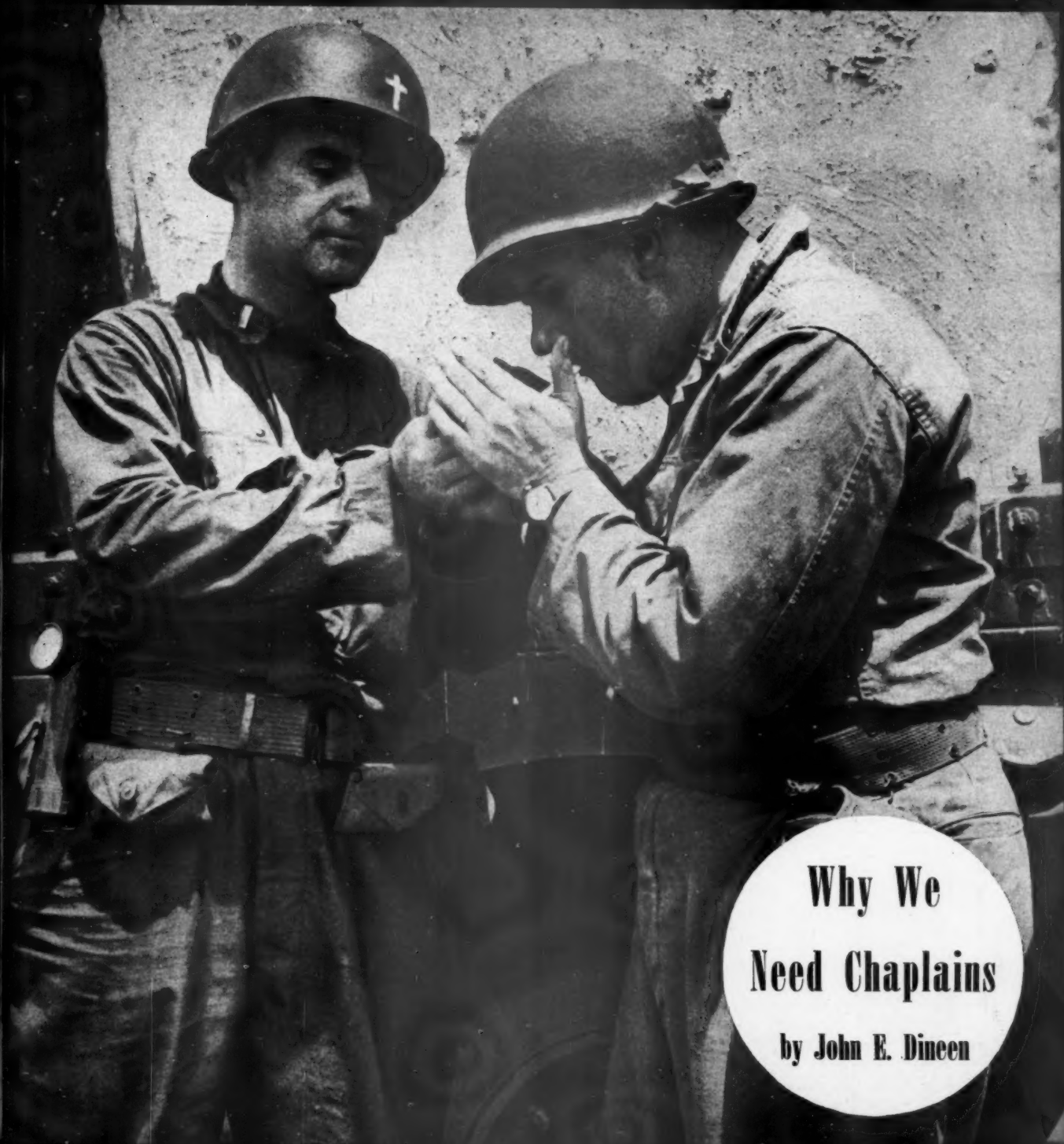




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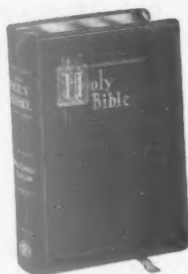
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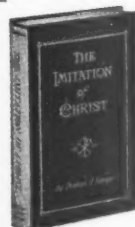


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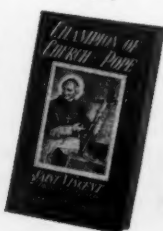
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LETTERS



Church and Negro

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have just finished your very interesting story, "A Pact of Love." It is heartening to see how the Church is taking an active interest in the Negro apostolate. In recent years I have noticed a great awakening among Catholics in regard to the Negro and his spiritual welfare. Let us all hope that the clergy and laity will become more zealous in bringing the truth of Catholicism to our American colored people.

I hope you will have more stories that help spread good Catholic teaching on the racial question.

(MRS.) MARY A. MURPHY

Newark, N. J.

Red Channels

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Congratulations for the award which has been granted you by Freedoms Foundation! And congratulations on another prize winner, the editorial "Action at Last" in the August issue.

The announcement of *Red Channels* stirred me to action. It is high time I, for one, began to learn and to do something constructive on the Catholic offensive against Communism. Am sending a letter today, in your care, to *Counterattack*. Believe that if *Counterattack's* address had been included more would have written for their dollar's worth—and then some!

THOMAS E. LINDEN

Seattle, Wash.

Girls' Town

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I hope you will give this letter to the priest responsible for the story on "Girls' Town." Truly such a place is a godsend.

The idea of being truly satisfied and legitimate in every way in your home life or choice of career is a happy thought.

To have a friend and helper in the person of a spiritual director seems to me the ideal. I cried when I read the story.

(MRS.) MARY LIHOSIT

Chicago, Ill.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

We read with appreciation the human-interest story of Rev. Joseph Michael Collins and his success in founding homes for problem girls. He is zealously adding his "drop in the bucket" to solve the huge aftercare problem which has become so acute since the end of World War II.

As a long-time friend and observer of the work of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, it seems to us that a stranger reading

this article would get an unfair and untrue picture of the work which these good Sisters are doing so heroically and in so hidden a manner.

To quote, "the troubled sea of young faces before him," we would refer you to an article written by Mrs. Katherine Burton which appeared in *THE SIGN* about a year ago. She writes of her visit to a Good Shepherd Home where she saw a group of happy, joyous faces of girls who had found security, whose characters were being strengthened, and whose abilities were being developed so that they would be able to cope with our complicated modern life.

Father Collins speaks of girls who work in offices and banks, and as pastry cooks, and in other fields where they are capable of self-support and self-respect. Most of his girls were trained to do these things in the Good Shepherd. Today, in all Good Shepherd establishments, in addition to moral training and character building, a complete cultural, academic, and vocational program of education is being carried on. Each girl who comes to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd is carefully studied and is given every

opportunity to develop her latent talents. The girl, strengthened by the grace of the Sacraments and religious teaching (which few of these girls have ever had), opens her mind to true values. The Chaplain does not "just say Mass every morning." He takes a deep spiritual interest in each soul confided to his care and, through Confession, instructions, and private guidance, is able to wield a mighty influence in the rehabilitation of these neglected children who come to the Good Shepherd fold.

(MISS) ROSE MCKEON

New Haven, Conn.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The article in the August issue entitled "Girls' Town" was a surprise.

Some of the happiest faces I have ever seen were in Good Shepherd schools. Modern aftercare research proves that a surprising number of Good Shepherd girls do not return to sin and a bad environment. Check the records.

Most of these girls are trying hard to rise above unfortunate circumstances and want to be accepted as normal. Some were hurt by this article.

To set straight the incorrect impression given in our finest popular Catholic magazine, I would suggest you carry a two-page spread in the next issue, written by a good writer like Mrs. Burton, giving a true picture. Any Good Shepherd school will furnish interesting photographs.

(MRS.) MARGARET CORBETT

Bridgeport, Conn.

Prayer for the UN

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Perhaps your readers may be interested in an idea which is spreading very quickly in this part of New Jersey. A group of women has been contacting relatives, friends, neighbors, even strangers they meet, and asking them to say a prayer every day at three o'clock (when the sessions open) for guidance for the delegates to the United Nations.

A Catholic is asked to pray to the Holy Ghost, and to define it—"a lifting of the mind and heart to God." May He hear us in this dangerous hour!

MRS. PETER L. HUGHES, JR.

Union, N. J.

Migrant Workers

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Thank you very much for publishing Father Radtke's two articles entitled "His Name Is Gonzales."

Father Radtke has given an insight into the problem of the migrant farm laborers which has not gotten the publicity which its magnitude demands.

(MISS) BETSY KNIERIEM

Los Angeles, Calif.

Children's Masses

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Here in a large city we thought we were on the side of the angels in hoping to abolish the Mass expressly for the children, or at least the practice of separating families while attending Mass and receiving Holy Communion. Now I realize that in some rural and suburban parishes, where no parochial school exists, other parents,

THE SIGN COVER

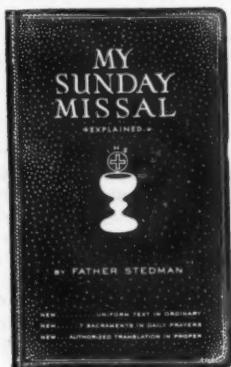


This picture, taken in South Korea, typifies the work of the ever-present padre, who is always ready to assist the soldiers, whether it means a light for a cigarette, or a Sacrament for a soul. The padre here is Father John Gilman with Capt. Edwin Overholt, Medical Corps Doctor.

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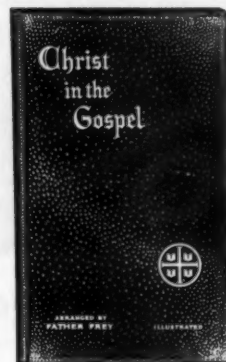
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just as earnest and God-seeking as we, are working in the opposite direction. Let them stop and consider, before the deed is done, the words of Father Richard Rooney, S. J., spoken at the National Liturgical Conference in St. Louis last August:

"Then there are the children's Masses which Sunday after Sunday tear parents and children apart in violation of the ideal of making Sunday observance a family affair. Must we have these segregating Masses? If so, why? Would we not be making a much richer contribution to the building up of Christ if all the members of all the families in the parish could and did approach the holy table together week after week, and Sunday after Sunday?"

(Mrs.) JILL O'NAN

Cincinnati, Ohio

Thank You

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

At the risk that this will smack of "salesmanship," I want to tell you that I obtained a copy of *THE SIGN* to study your fiction requirements. But I couldn't stop there, and I kept on reading—your articles, editorials, features. When I had finished, something had happened to the day—it had become richer and brighter... Thank you.

BETH PHILLIPS COX

Memphis, Tenn.

Polish-Americans

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In the July issue of the *THE SIGN* you published a letter written by Mary M. Beyer in which she stated that by simply reading Miss Cyr's review of *Pulaski Place* by Ruth Tabrah she had decided not to read the book, deducting from this review that "Miss Tabrah's portrayal, in general, is a crude misrepresentation of the way of life followed by Polish Americans."

I agree with Miss Beyer that Miss Tabrah has limited herself to a small segment of the Polish Americans, to a story of people she knew in one community, and that by no means is it a story of a cross section of the Polish Americans, or of the more important citizens. But there is so little written about the Americans of Polish descent, good or bad, that I welcome every book about them and by all means want to read it. Miss Tabrah wrote about the people she knew. I read the book and think it is very worthwhile.

MONICA KRAWCZYK

Pierz, Minn.

Writing on the Wall

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It is shocking for me as a Catholic to see a priest, and the editor of a Catholic magazine at that, quoting the words of Goering with approval and throughout the front editorial in your August issue, appealing to the sword in the very spirit of Goering's chieftain.

With a major crime committed in the United States every eighteen seconds according to official records (5,000 a day); with an annual massacre of the innocents that makes Herod look like a small timer; with nearly one marriage in every three broken by divorce; with the sale of contraceptives a billion dollar industry; with ghastly in-

(Continued on Page 80)

THE SIGN

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

OCTOBER

1950

VOL. 30



No. 3

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Editor's page

Bigotry in the U. S. A.

ON PAGE 11 of this issue we begin a series on anti-Catholic bigotry in the U. S. A. The authors of the various articles are all experts in their particular fields and we can assure our readers some lively and enlightening reading.

We Americans have given the world an example of concrete accomplishment in the field of liberty of conscience and worship. Many historians believe that the American solution of the problem of relations of church and state has been so successful that it is the greatest contribution this country has made to the science of government.

The First Amendment to the Constitution states: "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . . No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States."

This Amendment is admirable, but it did not and could not eliminate bigotry and intolerance. In fact it was not an outgrowth of popular sentiment, the natural terminus of a gradual enlightenment. It was a revolutionary doctrine, more or less improvised to keep peace among a variety of Protestant sects warring for a place of privilege as the established church.

Naturally, in such circumstances, practice has fallen far below the high plane of theory. The history of religious toleration in this country is by no means an entirely edifying story, especially as regards the Catholic Church. The early settlers brought with them from Europe a fanatical and passionate fear and hatred of Catholics and the Catholic Church, a fear and hatred which they passed on to their children and their children's children. From those early days to the Presidential campaign of 1928 and right down to our own time, the principle of religious tolerance, upheld in theory, has received some pretty rough treatment in practice.

The series begins with an article tracing the origins of anti-Catholic bigotry to the Protestant Reformation, which owed its original success to two main causes: force and the use of what was undoubtedly the greatest propaganda campaign

of libel and defamation in the history of Western civilization. The second article will trace the development here in America of that monstrous publicity hoax which pictured the Catholic Church as the anti-Christ and offspring of the devil.

An article will be devoted to certain types of the modern bigot. Men like Oxnam and Blanchard try to disguise their hatred of the Catholic Church under a cloak of patriotism or altruistic concern for the poor deluded laity misled by a scheming and ambitious hierarchy. Their venom is evident in their methods.

Other articles will treat of misconceptions regarding Catholic teaching on the relations of church and state; the Church and intellectual freedom; bigotry in higher education; the sphere of the Church; and that old bugaboo, a favorite of Rome-haters, the Church and science.

We wish to make it perfectly clear that we do not claim that all opposition to the Catholic position stems from bigotry. We cannot accuse an opponent of bigotry if he understands the Church's teaching, presents it fairly, and then answers arguments with arguments. Such opposition represents intellectual honesty.

BIGOTS can be recognized by the methods they use—innuendo, half-truths, assignment of base motives, generalizations from particular cases, mockery of Catholic dogmas, efforts to divide clergy and laity, appeals to snobbery and patriotism. Everything Catholic is fitted into a mold of preconceived ideas, and the distorted picture which results is presented as the truth.

An examination of this subject is always timely. It is particularly so now in a period of international crisis when we Americans should face the world—friend and foe—as a united and determined people. Nothing can sap the strength of national life more quickly or more insidiously than the poison of religious bigotry.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Religious News Service

The Assumption of the Virgin, by Girolamo Da Carpi (1501-1556.) The Doctrine of the Assumption will be defined on Nov. 1. First doctrinal definition since 1870.



Acme

Many types of refugees crowd the roads of South Korea. Here are two of them, a little girl mothering her younger brother and a dignified, stoical old Korean gentleman.

October, 1950

Every time a red, a pink, or anyone else inhabiting that particular portion of the spectrum has his ears pinned back by earnest Americans, there is an inevitable reaction. Loud

bleatings of protest from would-be liberals and equally loud, but more sonorous, admonitions from solemn guardians of the American conscience are

The Right To Free Speech

heard throughout the land. It is usually pointed out that the person involved is not known to be a Communist but has merely lent his name to various and sometimes numerous associations and groups listed by the Attorney General or the House Un-American Activities Committee as subversive and inimical to the United States. The defense of such a person is always grounded on the democratic right of freedom of speech.

There are two recent examples. One is that of Jean Muir's being dropped by the sponsors of "The Aldrich Family" television show. The other is that of Owen Lattimore, who was left without an audience to pine in luxury at Wentworth-by-the-Sea in New Hampshire. In both cases, because of the individual's reputation for affinity with leftist causes or aims, whether the reputation be deserved or not, objection was made to a scheduled public appearance. In both cases there immediately arose the cry of shame—shame that a person who is innocent until proved guilty should be denied fundamental freedom of speech. Rather than do that we should be willing and, it would seem, even anxious almost to go out of our way to give them a rostrum.

We have no argument with the proponents of free speech over the preciousness of that freedom. We too treasure it. However, freedom of speech is not the only freedom. There is such a thing as the freedom to listen or not to listen, and it is quite as precious as the freedom to speak or not to speak. When sponsors of entertainers and lecturers cancel appearances because of the protests of the prospective audience, the right to listen or not to listen is involved.

At the risk of belaboring the point, we would like to remind the champions of leftist free speech that though both nature and the Constitution guarantee the right of free expression, neither nature nor the Constitution guarantees the right to an audience.

If sponsors of lectures by Owen Lattimore or of television plays featuring Jean Muir find that their prospective audiences are going to exercise their right not to listen, then it is only garden variety prudence that dictates the engagement of other, more acceptable speakers and artists. To raise the alarm that freedom of speech is being denied to the Owen Lattimores and the Jean Muirs is to becloud the equally fundamental fact that Americans still possess the right to listen to whom they wish.

As a matter of fact, it seems to us that prior protest and warning is much more akin to fair play and is much more appreciated by sponsors of speakers and TV programs, than would be empty halls and dead radios and television sets.



Religious News Service

The Faith withstands the grinding oppression of Hungarian Reds. Budapest Catholics crowd St. Stephen's Basilica and greet Archbishop Grosz on the feast of St. Stephen.



In Korea, a big American helps a little guy who is helping a littler guy. Looks like these tiny refugees have divided up one suit of clothes, with shocking results.



Acme photos

A left-wing demonstrator at Union Square, New York City, wants "Hands off Korea." His placard bids for Jewish and Negro sympathy. Apparently no Catholics need apply.

And as a final thought: do not those Americans who protest the lucrative engagement of persons connected with aims or organizations detrimental to the United States also enjoy the right of free speech? Does their right to protest and to warn rank lower than the right of subversives, fellow travelers, and advocates of unpopular views to express their opinion?

After all, God did make each of us free to turn off our radios or TV sets and to refuse to buy tickets and to tell the promoter beforehand.

By now the euphemism "police action" in Korea has been pretty well unmasked. It's a real war and our whole national economy has been vitally affected both by legislation and by

Is Preventive War Wrong?

the effort to superimpose huge defense production upon an already swelling civilian consumer market. October politics will undoubtedly dictate to would-be November victors a hush-hush campaign attitude toward the seriousness of the Soviet threat. Korea has been an unhappy eyeopener. If Russia wills to pin our existing and emerging manpower down to combat with its satellite troops wherever and whenever it chooses, the meanwhile preserving its own legions uncommitted on any front, then the cause and the hope of the free world are in a desperate state. This is not pessimism. It is incontestable fact. And it is this frightening fact, that prompts men like Stassen and Matthews and MacArthur to speak of preventive war.

The term "preventive war" has an un-American, un-Christian sound. It has been condemned by no less an authority than the President himself.

And yet, suppose that tomorrow, on signal from Moscow, Polish and Czecho-Slovakian and Hungarian troops joined with the East German "police" and moved into West Germany and Austria and France. Suppose Red Chinese troops were to move south into Indo-China and Burma. Suppose Bulgarian troops were to move against Greece and Turkey. Suppose any number of aggressions already outlined by Lenin, Stalin, William Z. Foster, the Communist Manifesto, and the Program of the Communist International were to be effectuated. Winston Churchill has soberly evaluated the weakness of Europe and Britain to resist. Events in Korea have demonstrated American weakness in the Orient. The simple, stark fact is that if the Kremlin wished to launch a concerted attack tomorrow, the free world would lie almost helpless. The only deterrent is the atom bomb, and this soon may no longer be the barrier it is today.

Far be it from us to champion a preventive war. Far be it from us to advocate the launching of atomic war against Russia itself. But at the same time we cannot avoid a moral discussion about the concept of preventive war.

By a preventive war is usually meant an offensive war, and by offensive war is usually meant one in which the use of armed force is inaugurated by the party launching the war. But such terminology, with all its overtones of blame, can be and is very deceiving. As a matter of fact, sometimes the taking up of arms in seeming initial aggression is nothing else but necessary self-defense.

Factually, with all the blueprints of Soviet aggression before us, with the beginning of the fulfillment of that aggression long since begun, were the free world to serve an ultimatum on the Kremlin that henceforth wars will not be fought in all the peripheral nations of the Soviet but the attack will be brought home to Russia herself, this would not be aggression but sheer self-defense.

If these be the facts, and they certainly seem to be, then our cause is just. If our intention is not imperialistic, but solely to win peace for ourselves and the rest of the world,

THE SIGN

then our motive is good, it remains for the Government to assay our potential chances of success resulting from any such ultimatum, our ability actually to attain peace by any such procedure. In the meantime, it is well to keep our ideas straight. Preventive war is not necessarily wrong. But it must be a last resort.

Don't hoard sugar or nylon. Report anything that looks like sabotage. Smile cheerfully over the crippled value of your money, which began to deflate as soon as military traffic crossed the 38th parallel in Korea. Suit-up your boys in combat uniforms. And, of course, do such obvious things as pay upped taxes and support

How To Be A Good American

any bond drives which may start rolling.

That is how the President expects the plain citizen to act at the moment—if he is to be a good American.

But, at the moment, how does the plain citizen expect the President to act—if *he* is to be a good American?

Here are a few suggestions:

He should deny government jobs to anybody whose loyalty or ability is open to challenge. The surprise war in Korea has made the public a bit twitchy, and a few sour appointments, made in the familiar spirit of "you'll take it and like it," could easily touch off a case of national neurosis.

In the past, Mr. Truman has rammed down the nation's throat government personnel who have been suspect and who—come to think of it—are no less suspect now.

The subcommittee decision in favor of their loyalty was the word of interested politicians. And the decision in favor of their loyalty was necessarily a decision against their ability. For the disaster in Asia is a fact, a huge incontestable fact. If it was not the result of deliberate diplomatic sabotage, it was the result of stupendously artistic bungling.

Anyway, during the newly energized defense build-up, we hope the President will be a good enough American to lay off hawking party plums while the little mothers of America are aching for boys who are fighting tanks in the Korea hills.

We suggest, too, that the President discard a political defense tactic which is too graphically reminiscent of Red propaganda. This tactic consists in making investigation and inquiry serve the purpose not of clarity and understanding, but of confusion.

The McCarthy case is an instance. No matter what the public might think of McCarthy, the Administration had—and still has—a lot of explaining to do. The Administration inquisitors, however, explained nothing. They pretended that McCarthy was on trial, that McCarthy and not they had brought comfort to the Communists, and that our diplomatic dabbling in the Far East has not been a record of colossal and cumulative asininity, but of particularly bright, if obscure, statesmanship.

Another instance is a type of unfavorable publicity which has the effect of blackmail. This publicity would make it appear that on January 21, in New York City, a Federal jury convicted not Alger Hiss, but Whittaker Chambers, of perjury with implication of treason.

A similar kind of publicity has been used on Budenz and Bentley and other witnesses who have appeared against subversive suspects in government jobs.

In these cases we get the uneasy impression that the Administration, because of party interest, subtly applauds this dangerous reversal of legal roles. We say it is an impression; and that is probably all it is. But our plea is that the public is entitled to a *different* impression of the President.

Another suggestion is this: The President should display more conviction that Communism is destructive of the American way of life. Especially since the Federal Courts



In the Korean War the Church calmly goes about its sacramental business in fatigue uniform and undershirt, against the backdrop of a most unliturgical Sherman tank.



Acme photos

Ethel and Julius Rosenberg leaving Federal Court, in New York, after charge of being members of the Klaus Fuchs spy ring. How many other spy rings are there?



Formosa, five thousand miles off our west coast. Surrender legitimate interest in it, says MacArthur, and the next Pacific war will be fought at the Golden Gate.



Concerning Asiatic reaction to our China policy, General MacArthur has different ideas from those of Administration "Far East experts." Theirs have been very bad.

have implied that fact in convicting eleven members of the American Politburo.

His recent recommendations for legislation against subversion has about as much point as a stage dagger. The way he favors fighting Communism would make it necessary to try each Communist for criminal subversion. You know what that would mean. A single trial of eleven Politburo members took nine months and cost \$1,000,000. And now, one year after their conviction, they are still not in jail—at least, not on that conviction.

This strategy may get Mr. Truman a few—or even a lot—of Communist and left-wing votes. But it gives the people the jitters. It makes us wonder how much, if any, national security he would swap for a well-stuffed ballot box.

We do not mean that Mr. Truman is consciously disloyal, or even consciously rash. But we do think he owes it to the American people to show clearly that he intends to wage this war in the same selfless spirit in which he would like each of us to wage it.

That is his debt to people who witnessed with dismay the political holocaust which was made of our last victory.

With much biting of nails and a mounting urge to shriek, we listened, during August, to Jacob Malik's tactics in debate. While the U.N. Security Council got laboriously nowhere, we had ample time to sort out a few ideas which make sense to us. Some time in the past, Soviet controversialists succeeded in making the

Needed: An Atom Smasher

democratic world swallow this principle: The U.N. has no authority to interfere except when one nation is attacked by another nation. The nation is the ultimate unit, a non-fissionable political atom. What goes on within the nation is inviolable, no business of anyone else, subject to no interference.

That is the way the Soviet spokesmen delimit the function of the U.N. With that fence around the U.N., they outlaw every type of aggression but the one they use, which is violent subversion by citizen conspirators within the nation—an unconstitutional capture of power by traitors, and a perpetuation of that power by terror.

That is what happened to Czecho-Slovakia among others. Czecho-Slovakia entered the U.N. a democratic nation. It is now a totalitarian nation. Immeasurable crimes have been committed against its people, but committed from the inside. During this transformation and since, the U.N. has done nothing to protect Slovak liberty. For the U.N. feels it cannot smash the shell of nationality. It can only squirm while men like Mr. Malik put on a smug deadpan grin.

The solution of this impasse is really quite simple. Until the solution is applied, we will just have to go on biting our nails and our U.N. delegates will have to go on sputtering and looking silly.

The solution is to have it clearly understood that the U.N. was not formed to protect the rights of an abstract and artificial thing called a nation. It was formed to protect the rights of the *people* who are collectively called "the nation." There are no national rights but their rights. And it is the function of the U.N. to defend their rights no matter who threatens them, a foreign nation or a domestic gang.

A nation can suffer not only from its neighbor nations, but from its own citizens. It can need protection from its own citizens. A real U.N. should be able to give that protection.

Until this is understood, Mr. Malik, or any other Soviet delegate, can go on looking like an enigmatic cat with a belly full of defenseless U.N. canaries. And nobody can do anything about it.

BIGOTRY IN THE U.S.A.

"NO POPERY"

Why are Catholics feared, even hated? Read this first in a brilliant series of articles on anti-Catholic bigotry

by

FERGUS MACDONALD, C.P.

"A WAD of gum on the Pope's shoe!" The good Presbyterian lady laughed gleefully as she told the group of children about the alleged deed of an utterly irreverent tourist visiting Pope Pius XI. Her story, heard in childhood, stands out in memory across the years. Even to a ten-year-old it was plain that hers was a strange mentality. The lady was a person of refinement and education, wife of a college professor in an eastern Canadian city, and a scrupulously faithful member of a local Presbyterian church. But it was noted that whenever the Catholic religion was mentioned her face would harden, her lips would curl, and some bitterly sarcastic remark would be made.

That rigorously devout Presbyterian lady was not unique in her attitude toward the Catholic Church. In this year 1950 there are still millions of honest and intelligent people outside the Church to whose minds the word "Catholic" connotes something like "dangerous," "shady," "subversive," "devious." To a great many of these people the Pope is a sinister and tyrannical figure trying by every means, fair or foul, to get control over men and nations. Such people sometimes seriously believe that the Catholic clergy are masters of deception and have some kind of psychological stranglehold over their people whom they use for priestly profit. The confessional is thought to be a most fearsome

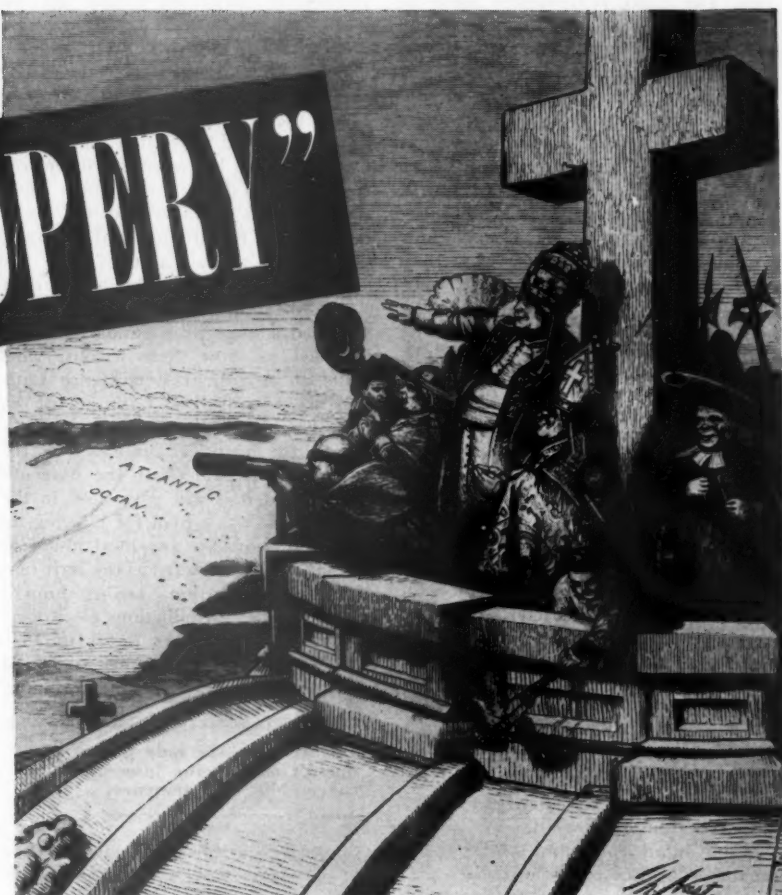
place where priestcraft is exercised for no good end. Convents are suspect as mysterious places where steel-hearted Mother Superiors force young Sisters to do their imperious bidding. Catholic ceremonial worship is regarded as a display intended to deceive the faithful by its appeal to the senses. The essence of the whole Catholic religion is seriously believed to be an organized drive for Church power which makes for consuming arrogance and intolerance and uses any means to this end.

This gross distortion of the nature, teachings, and methods of the Catholic Church is actually taken seriously by millions of otherwise well-informed people, as well as by huge numbers who are not well-informed. How can this be? The picture of the Church is so absurd as to be laughable. Yet the minds that believe it see nothing funny about it. Such people generally have little trouble believing the most fantastic charges against the Catholic Church.

This pre-judgment of the Catholic Church has been a persistent part of the

American scene since earliest Colonial days. It has varied in extent and intensity over the years, but it has never been absent from this country. The past several years, notably since the end of World War II, have seen a pronounced revival of the old prejudice. As so frequently in the past, the present attack has the familiar signs of a concerted drive organized by forces which by their very nature keep well behind the scenes. It has always been highly profitable to pander to prejudice, and profits are very much in the present picture.

Certain stridently anti-Catholic voices have made themselves notorious by the frequency and fervor of their attacks on the Catholic Church. Scarcely a week goes by but their voices are heard denouncing the "totalitarian hierarchy," "medieval notions of power," "Catholic threat to the public schools," "dated Catholic moral teaching," etc. These cries have a very familiar ring to all who are familiar with American history, but today they are often framed in a setting of respectability that adds something



Thomas Nast drew this cartoon of the Pope seeking to conquer the "Promised Land" of America. It appeared in "Harper's Weekly," 1870

new. The attack is frequently made today in the name of "democracy" by some who have set up a secularized worship of democracy as a substitute for fundamental Christianity, and in the name of "religious freedom" by others to whom Christianity means: the denial of the objective authority of metaphysical, dogmatic, and moral truth; utilitarian ethics; a very liberal, emotionalized interpretation of the Gospel; and an abiding "protest" against what they conceive to be Catholicism. The emotional overtones still present link this new phase clearly with the frenzied anti-Catholicism of the past. It has all the marks of bigotry.

BIGOTRY is defined as "obstinate and intolerant attachment to a cause or creed." But that definition does not specify several of the main elements associated with anti-Catholic bigotry. The latter is more than intolerant attachment to a non-Catholic creed. It is above all a positive and militant opposition to Catholicism. It is characterized by a thoroughly false set of ideas about Catholicism. This note of falsity is basic to an understanding of this type of bigotry. These false ideas were deliberately created four hundred years ago and were designedly of such shocking character as to cause a highly emotional reaction to things Catholic. The hatred and fear that were aroused have, like any strong emotions, blinded the minds of those affected so that they could and would see only the picture presented to their minds—and what a hateful and fearsome picture it was! This emotional bias has colored the history of the western world in general and the English-speaking nations in particular for these last four hundred years. It has affected the non-Catholic churches most strongly since their very reason for existence was to "protest" against what they believed was and is Catholicism. This emotional bias has colored and deeply influenced education, literature, law, politics, social customs, and institutions.

All the examples of this anti-Catholic bigotry in America cannot be properly understood unless it is realized plainly that this whole false attitude was deliberately manufactured by the so-called Reformers to "sell" the new order of things set up by them. This tradition of bigotry has its roots in the era of the Protestant Revolt in Germany and England and Scotland. Its roots are not in America, but it was transplanted to this land by the early colonists.

It is necessary to realize that the so-called Reformation was put over on the common people of northern Europe by the largest and most successful public relations job of modern history. Luther and his followers quickly realized that

theological arguments would not win many converts to their rejection of Roman authority and their new version of Christianity. The apostate friar astutely saw that he could justify his new order before the people and win their support only if he could prove that the Catholic Church was of her essence evil and corrupt. He had a big handle for a super-smear job in the fact that the pagan spirit of the Renaissance had corrupted the life of many Catholics who had turned their back on the moral principles of Christianity. Luther himself launched a huge propaganda campaign intended to show these serious moral faults of prominent Renaissance Catholics were typical of Catholics of all ages. This of course was sheer exploitation of the historical ignorance of the people, but it paid off in the sixteenth century and it is still paying off in the twentieth. It was a plan for blowing up to vast proportions any local abuse or scandal that could serve as the start of a wholesale defamation. Luther himself wrote in the introduction to Robert Barnes' *History of the Popes* in 1536 that "all who have the spirit of Christ know well that they can bring no higher

PRISONER: The only person who doesn't mind being interrupted in the middle of a sentence.

or more acceptable praise offering to God than all they can say or write against this bloodthirsty, unclean, blasphemous whore of the devil."

The famous work which grew out of Luther's need to sell his revolt to the German people was the *History of the Christian Church*, a collective work put out in 1559 by a group of scholars known to history as the Centuriators of Magdeburg. They went in for research, but, as a British historian has written, "their research was a search for scandal; they specialized in misrepresentation; they mutilated, stole, and even forged." Their collective project was the prototype of innumerable anti-Catholic publications that were to put over the Reformation. It set out to show that all Catholics were and always had been the foulest of the human race and that "the mark of the Beast was branded on their foreheads."

This mudslinging campaign against the Catholic Church, begun on the Continent by Luther and continued by Calvin, was taken up in England after the death of Henry VIII by the originators of the "No Popery" movement. Simultaneously, England began a blockade against Catholic persons or books entering the kingdom. For many a generation every Catholic influence would be excluded.

It is a truism to say that the English people were robbed of their Faith by those who saw the personal advantages to be gained by overturning the traditional religion of the country. Blocked in his divorce plans, Henry made himself pope and used the situation thereby created to rob the Church of its inherited wealth—the accumulated gifts of a thousand years of Catholic piety. Abbeys, priories, monasteries, and chantries were shrewdly handed over in part to the nobility, thereby deeply committing them to the new order of things. But under Henry there was no thought of making this new order Lutheran. The king knew too much theology to fail to see through the absurdities of Luther's teaching. He kept his belief in all doctrines except the papal supremacy and to the end he burnt at the stake anyone who denied the Real Presence. In his will he ordered many Masses to be celebrated for his soul. He seems to have intended a schismatic church like the Russian, but he had started something he could not stop.

After his death the country would be eased into heresy by the new rulers. Very little was changed outwardly at first, but as Protestant ideas and practices began to be adopted it became necessary to justify them before the people. The rising of North Country Catholics to fight for their Faith had taught the ruling powers the need to "condition" the mind of the people. So, to justify the break with Rome, the gigantic theft of Church property, and to prepare them for the radical theological changes, the biggest public relations job in English history was started.

THIS was the "No Popery" campaign whose echoes have not yet died out. It was the enormously successful propaganda operation designed to convince the English people that the Catholic religion of their ancestors had been corrupt and enslaving. It caricatured the Pope into a loathsome figure that would terrify generations of children in their nurseries and make old ladies tremble at their tea. "Popery" became the great bogey for generations of Englishmen. The very real human failings of several Renaissance Popes were now ascribed to all the 220 Popes since St. Peter. The Catholic Church was painted as the "whore of Babylon," "the Scarlet Woman," and the Pope was said to be the antichrist.

Robert Barnes and John Bale were among the first to engage in this job of helping to put over the "reformed" order by smearing the Catholic Church. They were to have a host of imitators and were the beginners of what the Scottish historian, Malcolm Hay, has called "the enormous output and wide

distribution of polemical books and tracts wherein was continued the policy of mudslinging which had proved so successful in the hands of the German Reformers."

This propaganda shrewdly exploited the willingness of the average person to listen to charges of corruption in high places. The scandalous appeal to this trait of human nature helped to develop the Protestant tradition of the Pope as the "Man of Sin."

Two centuries after the Protestant Revolt, the qualities of hero and villain had been attributed to the two religions by the popular mind in England. The hero was "Protestantism and English liberties," typified by "good Queen Bess"; the villain was "Popery and slavery," typified by Guy Fawkes, the Pope, and the Devil.

IN producing this state of mind among the English people, the clergy and official statements of the Church of England played a considerable part. Directly after Henry VIII died a start was made. The first edition of the *Book of Common Prayer*, fathered by the Lutheran-minded Cranmer during the brief reign of Edward VI, included this petition in the Litany: "From the enormities of the Bishop of Rome, good Lord, deliver us." The Anglican clergy were ordered to preach against "Popery" four times each year. Under Elizabeth these sermons were required monthly, and in 1604 they were decreed as part of the regular Sunday service. The *Book of Homilies*, begun in the reign of Edward VI to form a pattern for preaching and required to be read verbatim by all unlicensed clergy, was filled with all manner of vile charges against the Papacy.

The Spanish inquisition story has been one of the most successful lies of the whole master-lie of the "No Popery" campaign. The extent of the falsification is partially revealed by the statement of the British Protestant historian, William Cobbett, who said that "The Spanish Inquisition from its first establishment did not commit so much cruelty as did Elizabeth in one year of the forty-three years of her reign." It has been estimated that during her reign 38,000 persons were put to death for the new crime of poverty, to say nothing of the numbers executed for religious reasons. In the new Lutheran areas of Germany, ten times as many persons were put to death for witchcraft as were executed in Spain for all crimes during the Inquisition. In Scotland, after John Knox, twice as many persons were killed for witchcraft in ten years as died in Spain for all capital offenses during the Inquisition. But these facts have been deliberately suppressed by the avalanche of propaganda which has built a strong anti-

Spanish as well as anti-Catholic bias upon the deliberately falsified version of the Inquisition.

Other political or quasi-political factors were also exploited to develop deeper hatred for Catholicism. The spiritual allegiance of Catholics to the Pope had already made them suspect in the eyes of those already conditioned by several generations of fanatical propaganda. The excommunication of Queen Elizabeth by the Pope and his freeing of Catholics from allegiance to her in conscience was exploited to put every Catholic under suspicion of being a potential traitor.

Two of the most effective propaganda pieces which exploited the already deeply sown fear of Catholics were the *Domestick Intelligence* and *The Protestant Tutor*. They are excellent samples of seventeenth-century propaganda against "Popery." They are especially important for Americans because their editor, Benjamin Harris, later came to America and made his Boston bookshop a center for the same propaganda in the Colonies. The two works mentioned appeared in an England trembling from reports of Popish plots and counterplots. Harris devoted his pages mainly to sensational revelations about the "plots."

These were supplemented by an enormous amount of anti-Catholic propaganda, advertisements for anti-Catholic books, pamphlets, plays, playing cards, games, catechisms, and primers.

In the last category was *The Protestant Tutor*, put out by Harris for the purpose of "instructing children to spell and read English, and grounding them in the true Protestant religion, and discovering the errors and deceits of the Papists." Capitalizing on the excitement over the famous Titus Oates incident of 1679, the book began with a lesson called "An account of the burning of the Pope at Temple Bar, November 17, 1679." In this mock procession had been six Jesuits with "bloody consecrated daggers," a priest who "gave pardons away very plentifully to all who would murder Protestants, and proclaiming it meritorious." Finally came the figure of the Pope, behind whom "stood the Devil. His Holinesses Privy Counsellor, frequently Caressing, Hugging, and Whispering him all the way, and oftentimes instructing him aloud to destroy His Majesty, to contrive a pretended Presbyterian Plot, and to fire the City again." When the procession reached Temple Bar, it halted near the statue of Queen Elizabeth and a great bonfire



The "Night Rider" of the Ku Klux Klan rides about with fiery cross ready to attack Negroes and Catholics. Taken from frontispiece of Susan Davis' "Authentic History, Ku Klux Klan."

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was lit into which the Pope was tumbled while there resounded "universal Acclamations, Long live King Charles, and let Popery perish, and Papists with their Plots and counterplots be forever confounded as they have hitherto been. To which every honest English man will readily say, Amen."

THIS shrewd combination of religious and patriotic appeal drew for young readers of the book the dark picture of Rome which the mere mention of the name would bring to the mind of generations of Protestant Britons. This story was followed by a gory account of the sufferings of those put to death under Mary Tudor, dubbed by these same historian-propagandists "Bloody Mary," the story of the Armada, the Gunpowder Plot, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the burning of London in 1666. There was also a lesson from Holy Scripture and a "Catechism against Popery."

There were also many "Antidotes," "Preservatives," and "Arrows" against Popery. Likewise there was a work with the brisk title *Southwark Morning Exercise Against Popery*, put out in 1675. Mention should certainly be made as well of the 1689 publication, *The Catalogue of All the Discourses Against Popery during the reign of King James by the members of the Church of England and the non-conformists*, which lists 288 anti-Popery volumes for the brief reign of James II, 1685-1688, and the editor admits the catalogue is far from complete.

This flood of calumny conditioned the modern Protestant mind to believe that all the centuries before the "Reformation" were "Dark Ages" sunk in vice and ignorance. This monumental falsehood acquired prestige by its association with that eighteenth-century popularizer of unknown and unverified historical writings, Edward Gibbon (1737-1794). His *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* leaned mainly on the writers of the anti-papal school and helped to popularize the Dark Ages legend. His use of this material has affected the whole course of later historical writing and the more popular literature derived from history, such as novels, plays, journalism, and poetry. The stream of this anti-Catholic poison was strong in virtually all of the popular textbooks used in Britain during the nineteenth century. Because of this, whole generations of even educated people in Britain have been ignorant of the real history of the

"Reformation" and blind to the truth about the papacy.

One of the most popular writers of the last century helped to spread the Dark Ages legend all over the world, though he unwittingly shed a romantic light upon it. This was Sir Walter Scott, whose *Tales of a Grandfather*, one of the most widely circulated books of the nineteenth century, had a great influence upon generations of children. The picture of the Catholic Church which it gave them can be gauged from the following excerpts: "The Roman Church imputed to relics, which were often a mere imposture, the power, which God alone possesses, of altering those laws of nature which His wisdom has appointed." . . . "The Pope and his clergy not only sold, as they pretended, the forgiveness of Heaven, to those who had committed sins, but also granted them (always for money) a liberty to break through the laws of God and the Church. These licenses were called indulgences, because those who purchased them were indulged in the privilege of committing irregularities and vices, without being supposed answerable to the divine wrath."

This explanation of indulgences is a criminal falsification, yet it is just one sample of the version of Catholicism taught all over England and Scotland for nearly four hundred years. The persistence of this indulgence myth in the

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• If you want your wife to listen to what you have to say, talk in your sleep.  
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nineteenth century shows again the gigantic success of the huge public relations job by which the Reformation was put over. Even Longfellow fell for this lie and especially for the legend that friar Tetzel, at the time of Luther's revolt, sold indulgences for sins not yet committed. This is very plain in his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

It is no wonder that hatred and fear of Catholicism have existed in America when one sees how deeply it was sown in the old country by the propaganda campaign described herein. With such a background, it is no surprise that English settlers brought with them to the New World the conviction that the Pope was antichrist and that his followers were the greatest source of corruption for the godly and of treason to the state. Nor is it surprising that each generation of parents felt it their sacred duty to instill a deadly hatred for the old faith into their children. Such a tradition dies very hard, and we have no reason for surprise at its continued existence in America.

The whole bitter tradition of hatred and fear, with its foundation resting on a

gigantic lie, has been exposed by no one more effectively than by Cardinal Newman. Just one hundred years ago, England rocked with a tremendous outburst of "No Popery" occasioned by the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy. Instantly all the old fears of papal aggression were roused, and the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman were burned in effigy on virtually every village green in the kingdom. In this tense situation, Newman delivered several famous lectures in the Corn Exchange in Birmingham in the course of which he smoked out this devilish lie which had blinded the English people for three centuries. Of the invincible calumny and the gross unfairness that are such a basic part of the anti-Catholic bigotry, he said: "No evidence against us is too little; no inflection too great. Statement without proof, though inadmissible in every other case, is all fair when we are concerned. . . . Saints and sinners, monks and laymen, the devout and the worldly, provided they be but Catholics, are heaped together in one indiscriminate mass, to be drawn forth for inspection and exposure according to the need."

Newman, who so seldom attacked the Anglican Church, did in these lectures recognize the part it had up to that time played in fanning the fires of bigotry. Though it has almost completely ceased this role since 1850, the historical fact is noteworthy in Newman's words: "The Anglican Church agrees to differ with its own children on a thousand points. On one dogma it is infallible—that 'the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm.' . . . It is 'No peace with Rome,' 'Down with the Pope,' and 'The Church in danger.' Never has the Establishment failed in the use of these important and effective watchwords; many are its shortcomings, but it is without reproach in the execution of this its special charge. Heresy, and scepticism, and infidelity, and fanaticism, may challenge it in vain; but fling upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism and it recognizes by instinct the presence of its connatural foe. So it is now; so it was twenty years ago; nay, so it has been in all years as they came."

SO, WE add, has ignorance of the Catholic Church been created in the past four hundred years, giving rise to fear and hatred. So has this anti-Catholic bigotry arisen in the Old World and been carried to the New. Luther and the other "Reformers" were bad philosophers and theologians, but they were superb salesmen. The tragedy is that calumny was such an essential part of their salesmanship. Plenty of the mud they threw is still sticking to the Church, in America as elsewhere.

(Continued next month)

The day of the bomb

What will it be like
if atom bombs are used in the
next war? It will be worse
than at Hiroshima—and here's
what that was like

by FRANCIS E. O'GORMAN

(The hot war has replaced the cold war. What was talk last year is now bullets. And when we think of bullets today we think of war. And when war is the subject, the Atom Bomb is the first on the list. Are we going to use it? Will *they* dare use it? What will it be like, and what will we do supposing they do use it? They aren't easy questions to answer, but there was one man who could answer one of them. What will it be like if they do?)

He was a slim, wiry priest, dark face, intelligent, with an easy smile, and a laugh that came quickly when there was the least excuse for it. It was difficult to believe that he had been in Hiroshima when that first bomb burst there and echoed across the world to put the word *atomic* into the vocabulary of even the children. This is the story told by the missionary, Father Hubert Schiffer, of the Society of Jesus.)

HE HAD been in Tokyo during too many bombings, so his superiors sent Father Hubert Schiffer to the novitiate just outside Hiroshima for a rest. But he was a missionary, and he was restless to bring the Gospel to these people. So at the novitiate he asked about extra work.

"Would you like to teach catechism in the city itself?"

"Certainly."

"All right, Father. You can go into the Church of Our Lady. They have about three hundred catechumens there, and Father Lassalle can use some help. Father Kleinsorge is there too."



Destruction wrought on Hiroshima. New bombs are more powerful

Father Lassalle was a pleasant man, happy to have an extra priest to help. Of course, there was the problem of Father Schiffer's not having permission to be in the city. He should have stayed in the novitiate outside Hiroshima. But he could have the room upstairs.

"You won't find the work too hard. You can still have the rest you're supposed to be getting . . ."

It was eight-fifteen in the morning of a hot summer day in Hiroshima. Mass and breakfast were finished, and Father Schiffer sat in his room reading the daily paper. The war, said the paper, was going well, with victorious news soon to be received from the outer fringes of the warfront. Then suddenly there was a great light.

It was a burning, blinding light, as though the world had been removed from around him, and he was left for that one moment swimming in pure

light, a whole ocean of light. It was a light that came in one second of complete and awful silence; and after that second passed came the noise and the bursting concussion.

In the rolling thunder of that concussion the room seemed to explode around him. And when the explosion passed he lay amid the debris of the room, blinded, stunned, and deafened.

He had known bombings before, had seen the people who had been bombed; the blindness that came from the concussion was something he had prepared for, and the wetness that he could feel over his face and hands was the blood he had known would come if he were ever hit. Only the deafness was new. For he was in the ocean again, but now an ocean of utter silence—quiet, when there should have been the sounds of more explosions, the cries of terror, the shouts of the people, the wailing of the

sirens that would scream too late. But there was no noise, and in that stillness it suddenly came to him that it just didn't sound like deafness would sound at all. It was . . . vaster than that . . . emptier. He spoke a few words, and the sounds came to him clearly. He realized then that somehow there wasn't anything, or anyone, left to make noise. He moved. He pulled himself slowly up from the pile of debris, and as he started to clear it away the darkness turned to shadows, and then the light came through again. He could see the desolation of it, the utter destruction of the room, the blood, his blood. There was blood on his arms, his body, and on his legs, where they showed through the tatters that had been his clothes ten minutes before. It seeped slowly, relentlessly, and he could feel the weakness creeping through him.

THERE was a noise outside. He got to his feet, then through the hole where the door had been. Father Lassalle was there. They stared at each other. Father Lassalle was slightly injured, and in the moment Father Schiffer looked into the rector's eyes he knew clearly that Father Lassalle was looking at him as he would look on a dead man. It was strange to see in another's eyes that he, himself, was dying. They studied each other for a few moments.

"You don't look very nice." Father Lassalle's voice was soft. "Wait. I'll get a Red Cross kit." He was gone, but back shortly with a helpless gesture. The Red Cross first aid kits had been demolished with the furniture. "You'll have to go to the doctor's. Do you know where he lives?"

Father Schiffer shook his head. He knew nothing of the topography of Hiroshima, let alone where the doctor lived.

"Come with me." They went to the door. "You go down the street. . . ." He stopped. The houses had been thrown into the street. A bus which had been passing along it had been picked up, flattened against the wall, and the debris had half-buried it. There was no street.

Father Lassalle gripped his arm.

"Look, Father, you can see the hills!"

They were looking across the land where the city should have been, but instead of Hiroshima there were the hills far-off beyond the limits of the city, the hills that no one should have been able to see from that doorstep. The city was gone. And across that area of desolation the fires were rising, roaring.

"Father Schiffer." Father Lassalle's voice was calm now. "Get out of here. Go anyplace. Probably it's best down by the river. We'll stay here and help. You get out of here. You'd be one more to take care of. Just go away. Now."

"The river is that way." He pointed. "And Father . . . one of us is probably going to get to heaven today. Whichever gets there first, let's make an agreement that he'll go to Our Blessed Mother and tell her that we'll build this chapel to her again, or, if we don't build it, the Jesuit missionaries after us will."

Father Schiffer tried to answer. He was too weak. He started slowly through the wreckage that had been a street. It was burning. Everything was burning; the city of paper houses was like a sheet of flame. For a hundred yards he picked his way carefully, watching for debris that would fall or slip over on him. At the end of that hundred yards he collapsed, and he knew he was dying. But he would not die there. He crawled. Painfully, with the desperation of the dying who will not die, he crawled through the ruins. The fires were coming closer, and he could feel the heat pressing down on him. Then before him he saw trees. He crawled faster, dragging himself through the mess, past still bodies, till he was lying in grass in a park that spread along the river. Not all the trees were aflame.

He crawled through the grass. Some catechumens were already there, about ten of them. He crawled to each, to give final absolution before his mind went out. After a while it was too difficult to keep thinking, and he lay there while

the world gradually became only a confused moving of shadows. He was thirsty and struggled to a sitting position. "Water . . ." It was only a hoarse scream. He saw a woman yards away from him pointing at him.

"Look." Her voice was shrill. "That corpse is talking."

He fell back, and it was dark and hot. Time passed, and there was someone bending over him. He opened his eyes, and he saw the face of Father Kleinsorge. "Water . . ." Father Kleinsorge nodded.

"Yes. I'll get water. But don't drink any water they offer you. It's from the river, and it's full of blood and corpses. . . ." He went off. Half an hour later he was back. As he bent with the huge bucket, he recited the prayers for the dying.

"Is that all you could bring?" There was so little, and he was so thirsty.

"No, it was full. That's what took so long. I passed so many people, children, dying. I used the water to baptize them. You're dying, and you're a missionary. So you should understand. I had to do it." It was no apology but a matter-of-fact explanation. He drank, and while he was drinking the strange thought came that it was interesting how Father Kleinsorge could keep his sense of values so correct at this time. When the water was gone they said the prayers for the dying together. Then they waited. There was no oil for Extreme Unction.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning. They waited, and the people were still coming to the park by the river, coming from all over Hiroshima. And all they could do was argue. Each one was sure that the bomb, whatever it had been, had exploded in his back yard. And as they came from all over, and each told the same story of utter destruction in his sector, the final realization of the total destruction of Hiroshima came to them.

BOATS were coming up the river. In the boats were nurses, doctors, army officers. They came ashore at the park.

"We have stations set up down the river. Those of you who are hurt so you find it difficult to move, or you who have been hurt badly, stay here. Those who can move easily come with us. We have nobody to help the injured. You'll have to come for your own rice."

Afternoon. The hot sun, and the burning heat of the fires. Then the sun moving down the sky, and the evening coming. The fires were dying over the city; and the heat, the burning of the streets, was cooling.

"Father Schiffer."

It was a tired voice, and the face above him was haggard, dirty with sweat



Business Proposition

► Sandy had been courting the fair Jean for two years. One evening, after Sandy had been silent for some twenty minutes, Jean murmured: "A penny for your thoughts, Sandy."

"Weel," replied Sandy, with sudden boldness, "I was thinking I'd like to kiss ye, lassie."

Jean blushed happily as this operation took place, but once again Sandy fell silent.

"An' what are ye thinking about noo?" she teased. "Anither?"

"Na, Jeannie," was the serious reply. "I was just wondering when ye were goin' to pay me that penny."

—Irish Digest

and smoke. "Father Schiffer. I'm from the novitiate. We've been picking up the wounded all day. Father Arrupe, the Rector, sent us to get you back."

They rolled him over onto the litter the four had brought with them. Every motion was a torturing welt of pain and he was shocked into consciousness, stark staring consciousness. Around him he could see the injured, most of them burned. They did not have blisters or red welts that came with heat, but their skin was like blobs of tar on their bodies. He hurt too much to get sick. They lifted him to their shoulders and moved slowly down to the river. It was eight o'clock at night.

THERE was a raft to ferry them across. The ferryman bent over him. There was something in the face that was familiar. Then he recognized the man. It was Pastor Tanimoto, the Methodist minister. He was haggard, worn, from the day he had spent ferrying the people across. He was close to complete exhaustion. They reached the other side and began the walk to the novitiate.

They bumped slowly along the road. Slowly. Slowly. One of them slipped. Father Schiffer went rolling to the road. The pain was like flames along his body, his head, his face. They put him back on the litter. A few hundred yards further on, and another slipped. He crashed to the road again. The pain . . .

"Please leave me here by the side of the road." It was only a whisper as they bent over him. "I can die in peace."

"Sorry, Father." The four priests bent over him, rolled him onto the litter again. It was like being rolled on knives. "We were told to bring you back for a decent burial. We're very tired." They lifted him slowly to their shoulders. Further on they found an abandoned cart. They put Father Schiffer on it, pulled him along the broken, caked road. The red cloud of unconsciousness was trying to cover his brain, but each bump brought him gasping back to the world of dark and terrible night.

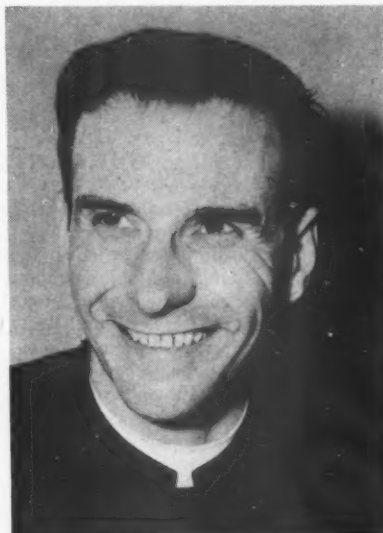
There was an edge of light. The dawn, the first flicker of dawn already. And against the sky that was coming alive again was the figure of a building, the novitiate. It was five-thirty in the morning. There was a new face, a face he had seen . . .

"You're conscious?" He saw that Father Schiffer was. "It's me, Father Arrupe." The Master of Novices. He bent over the body and touched it gingerly, pushed against the cuts. He nodded to the others and they turned Father Schiffer over. Father Arrupe examined his back and the back of his head.

"Father Schiffer, I hope you have permission to take all that glass and wood out of Hiroshima with you."

Only a Master of Novices could make a joke like that.

"Take him inside and I'll go to work on him." They carried him inside. He saw the scissors and the razor blade in Father Arrupe's hand as he bent across his body. There was a sudden finger of new pain through the dull ache. He was too weak to moan. Father Arrupe laid a sliver of glass on the table and began cutting again. After a while the pain was too great, one pain that crushed down into his brain.



Herbert Schiffer, S.J.—at Hiroshima when it was bombed

He opened his eyes and knew a long time had passed. Someone was trying to feed him a spoonful of rice and a sip of wine. He couldn't eat. When his mind came back to full consciousness they moved him again into the room of pain. Father Arrupe bent over with the razor blade. The pain again, the knives that seemed to drive up into his brain. After a while they moved him back to his bed again and he slept. It was three days later when he knew there was a chance he might live.

Every day he spent an hour in the pain room, the table with the blood. Every day Father Arrupe worked over him. "Now, Father, you're strong. We've got to get all this glass and the wood splinters out of you. So you work with me. First you smile." Father Schiffer moved the corners of his mouth down. The razor blade slid into the flesh. It hit something more solid. The long groan.

"Ah, good. That's one. Right or left?" It was so hard to know if the pain was right or left of the cut. The probing blade, always cutting into him. Then the bandages, sheets torn into strips to hold in the precious blood. How could

you bleed so much and live? They took him back to his room.

At the end of the first week he started collecting glass and wood taken from his body. Three weeks later the explorations ended, and Father Schiffer counted forty pieces in his collection. Father Arrupe came into him, sat beside him. He noticed that Father Arrupe was tired. He was always tired.

"How many patients do you have here, Father Arrupe?"

"Ninety-eight at first. Three died a few days later. All the others have lived." He bent over and examined the incisions crisscrossed up the body of Father Schiffer. "They're like you, though. The wounds just won't heal."

A month was past. They did not heal. Two months. They were beginning to heal. At the end of three months the wounds were whole again. That was what radiation meant, that and the bleeding gums that started a few days after he came to the hospital.

They had learned the real truth about the bomb a few days after Nagasaki was hit. It was a secret, a deep secret, for the army would not take the chance of having the sheer terror of it be known by the people. But they knew, breathed it to each other in the darkness, till all the country whispered the secret that none should know.

How many had died at Hiroshima? A week after the bomb exploded the military men said the number of dead was eighty thousand. That was the first count of clearly identified dead. Nobody dared guess how many others had died. When the American troops came they were not anxious to make an exact count. Eighty thousand was big enough for them. But everybody knew it was nearer to two hundred thousand.

When the three months were over and the wounds healed, Father Schiffer walked among the other wounded; on the roads he met the people of Hiroshima who had lived through it. How did they feel? Did they hate the Americans, these people who had wrought such complete destruction upon them, their homes, their city?

"NO. We started the war. They bombed us as we bombed them. It was going to come. The big bomb? We are proud, Father. Don't you see. We ended the war. We were the ones who took the bomb that ended it all. Don't you see. We ended the war. We're different from all the others—except Nagasaki. And even then we were first. We really did end the war."

Nobody else could understand it. He walked slowly back to the novitiate. It would be a year before he would be strong enough to leave it. He was having his rest at Hiroshima.

GAY HEELS

'Twas an evil day for man or beast
when Sara Fletcher's will was
thwarted—for Sara had the kind
of pride that must conquer or destroy



by MARGARET McANDREW

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

FIVE years we were living on the old Fletcher estate when one May morning, shortly before the wedding of Sara Fletcher, the Boss sent for me. He was in the breakfast room with his mail. He was a great, stout man with jolliness plain in his face.

"Tom," he said, "We're going to have a little change here."

"Sir?" I said.

"When Sara gets married," he said, "Mrs. Fletcher and I want you to manage her place for a while. You know, Charlie Rheiner's no horseman. They'll need a good string of hunters and the right man to take care of them."

I was twisting my cap like a bit of a stable boy. "What about here, sir?" I asked him.

The Boss took another piece of toast, as if there were no problem at all. He couldn't know of the dryness in my throat. "John Gillespie can take over," he said. "What do you say?"

There were many things to say, and all of them true. I could have said I loved his horses as I love children. I could have told him that his daughter feared riding and was too proud to admit it. It was truth that his girl, Sara, hated what she couldn't manage and that she couldn't manage a horse. I might have said that I didn't want to go, but I was slow to speak. The Boss picked up his paper and chuckled. "Don't look so gruff, Tom," he said. "We're not going to cut you."

"Very good, sir," I mumbled.

So young Miss Fletcher married Charlie Rheiner and moved to the estate on Tremont Road. I remember that we had been but a week in the new home when I had to fire Dennis Murphy, and wasn't that bad luck to begin with? He had come to work, drunk as a lord once more, and myself, who got him the job, had to fire him. It was hard knowing that Dennis had come from the old country as I did, with high hopes of making good. There had been a handful of us from the home town, and it was each man help the other. After a while, I was top man for old Mr. Fletcher, and Dennis was the town drunkard. But what was I to do, a superintendent with a wife and two babies to think of? I had a job to do, and orders to take. And orders sent me to the estate on Tremont Road.

The children liked our new home, and my wife Ann was near to Mrs. Murphy for the carrying of food or a worn coat. But I was a stableman with-

out horses. Old Man Fletcher sent over his pet, Nora, and a red Irish hunter as gifts. No better could be had, for Nora was a lamb, and the hunter could leap like a hare. But back they went in short order. When Young Miss mounted with the nervousness and temper in her, the beast sensed the trouble. It was a curse for me that the hunt was the fashion then in this town. With every rich couple trying to beat their neighbor in stable style, Young Miss was too proud to admit her fault. So it was a new horse from her father every month; with a new excuse for each. Many close calls I had,

"What's his name, sir?" I said.

"Gay Heels," he said and motioned me to take him.

I laid hand on the halter, and he was mine.

If I could turn a fine phrase, I could tell you about the satin coat and the great eyes of that horse. He grew to follow me like a dog through the yards. The thought of my Madam riding him I put out of my mind until it truly seemed he was my own. The children were wild with delight. It comes to me now that they had a lonesome life on the estates. The Murphy children were the only youngsters nearby, but they were ashamed beyond their years, for their father drank, and they wore my children's castoffs. My daughters had only horses to play with. "Will this one stay, Daddy?" they asked, leaping about me.

Indeed he would stay, for Charlie owned him. Young Miss could not be rid of Gay Heels unless she sold him. Then, were she to say the horse was wild or sick, the buyer would find out the lie, and the word would be around. No, this one would stay.

Wicked pride I took when the gentry and servants and vets came to see my beautiful horse. There was always someone leaning on the fence to see me exercise him. He was the last horse I rode, and so perfect is the memory it seems like a dream. For all the spirit and fire that showed in his paces, he was a gentle horse. I knew him well, as he knew me. It was my idea that Charlie Rheiner paid a king's ransom for a horse to please Young Miss. Yet, Madam was slow to try out her prize. For a time she was content to brag to her friends.

When she did come down from the Big House in breeches and jacket, the tightness was in her lips, as it always

★★★ THIRD PRIZE STORY in Catholic Press Association short story contest.

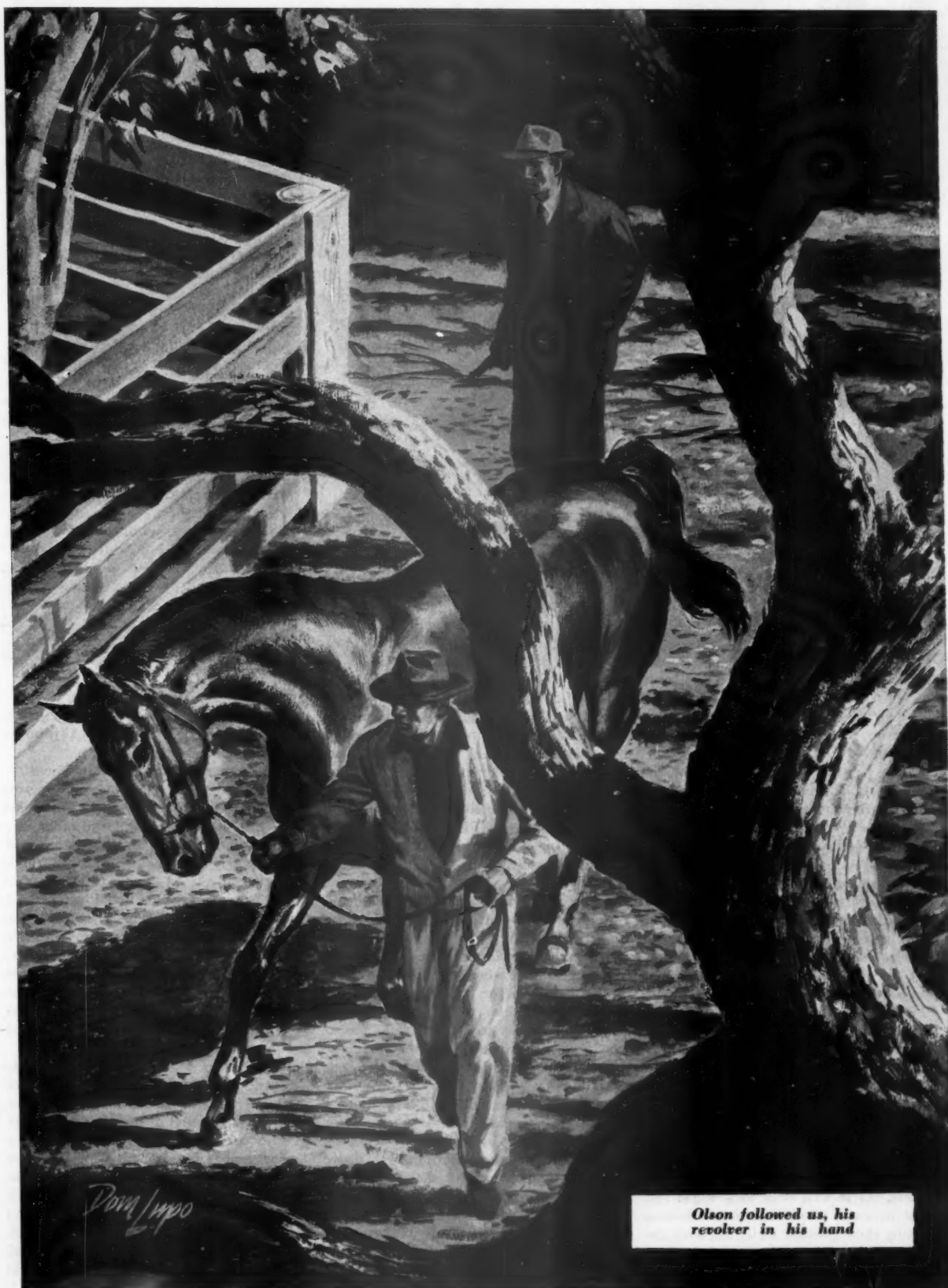
MARGARET McANDREW has had poetry published, is employed as a traffic stenographer, and has a private pilot's license.

too, when the children would be riding the "wild beasts" around the paddock, and Young Miss would come into view, slashing the hedges with her crop. The plain truth of it was that the children loved the animals, and Young Miss did not.

But this story is of Gay Heels, who was truly my horse. Charlie Rheiner bought him in Pine Hills, half to surprise Young Miss and, I think, half to please me. With his wife commanding him, Charlie had little to say, but he was knowing for all his silence. I dropped my favorite pipe and broke it, when I saw him lead the chestnut gelding from the van.

"Now we own a horse, Tom," he says. He was as pleased as a boy.

Behind him, the gelding stepped as light as a cat. I clucked, and the fine ears pointed full forward. We looked at each other. He was a horse.



Olson followed us, his
revolver in his hand

Fumbled!

▲ Young Thompson was handsome, intelligent, and had a steady job. In his spare time he managed the alumni football team. In the opinion of a certain young lady, he was a perfect matrimonial prospect, but she had been unsuccessful in getting him to pop the question.

One afternoon the object of her affections was discussing with his charming date the subject closest to his heart—football.

"Now, there's Jack O'Brien," he said, speaking of a recent addition to the team. "In a few months' time he'll be our best man."

"Oh, Bill," breathed the young miss, "what a nice way to ask me!"

(Mrs.) Katherine Ford



was when she rode. Still, how could I forbid her to ride her own horse? When she came back a short while later, I had not stirred from the stable yard. There were crop welts along the horse's flanks.

"I nearly wore my arm off," she said, sliding to the ground. "He wouldn't take the path through the glen."

That was no place to ride, and well she knew it. The path went down, steep and loose with rocks, and below, the dogwood had grown thick, with waving white branches that no horse would pass. Gay Heels needed a bit of calming. He had never been beaten before. Young Miss stood looking at him in her funny way, as if she had fought a battle with my pet. Then it was that I decided to speak up, for it was time that she should be told.

"But if you'd stop to think, Ma'am." I said, "the path is dangerous. The horse might fall. He knew that, and so should you."

Young Miss drew her lips tighter and would not so much as favor me with a look from her small, black eyes. "You're not being paid to tell me how to ride," she said, and turned her back on me and went away.

True it was that I was only a servant, but the words one says to a mere servant were hard to me. The Boss and old Mrs. Fletcher had the way of showing their kindness and trust in their words, but it wasn't in Young Miss. I felt cold as I watched her hurrying up the drive, switching the heads from the daffodils.

BECAUSE I came late to lunch with no appetite, I missed my girls, or they would have seen, by my face, the way of things and so kept away from the stables. As it was, they took sugar and went to see if Gay Heels would follow, butting their pockets, as he did with me. After they had been at it a while, Miss Keller, Young Miss's friend, drove by and stopped to watch the children play-

ing with the big horse. Had they not been laughing, they would have heard Young Miss's boots on the gravel.

"Is this another lion turned lamb, Sara?" said Miss Keller. She was the needling kind.

My oldest, Meg, took one look at Young Miss and drew the sugar from under the gelding's nose. I have no doubt but that Madam would have liked to strike the child. The youngsters scrambled under the fence and ran all the way to the cottage. Gay Heels followed them to the railing and nickered, which was another cut to Young Miss.

All this I learned later when Miss Keller came banging at the kitchen door as I was having tea. The gelding was back with an empty saddle. It seems that nothing would do but that Young Miss must prove to Miss Keller her mastery over the animal. I fair flew to the yard. Gay Heels was at the trough, breathing heavy. I pulled him up, blanketing him, and tied him to the fence. He seemed to favor a rear leg. I went straight way to the glen path, and there we found Young Miss under the swaying dogwood, her leg twisted beneath her. The horse had shied at the swing of the white branches. I wished in my heart that she might have walked back unaided, for the rage was in her at being found helpless. Her voice shook in anger, as we raised her.

"I'm calling the vet, Tom," she said. "Have the horse shot. One of the men can dig a pit in the back meadow."

I think if she had been able to bear the pain, she would have shoved our arms away.

The hour before Olson, the vet, drove up was hell. The sunny yard may well have been deserted, for I saw no one. The quiet of afternoon was all about me. Gay Heels was still tied to the paddock fence, and each time he turned his great brown eyes toward me, I saw a black hole between them. Then, there

came Olson's old Ford, turning in and chugging toward the barns. I had put off the moment for an hour, and there it was, upon me. That precious hour I had spent, thinking of the thing as done, without a thought to what I could do. He couldn't shoot my horse. Olson turned his thin, gray face first to the gelding, then to me. "Not him!" he said. Olson knew the horse well.

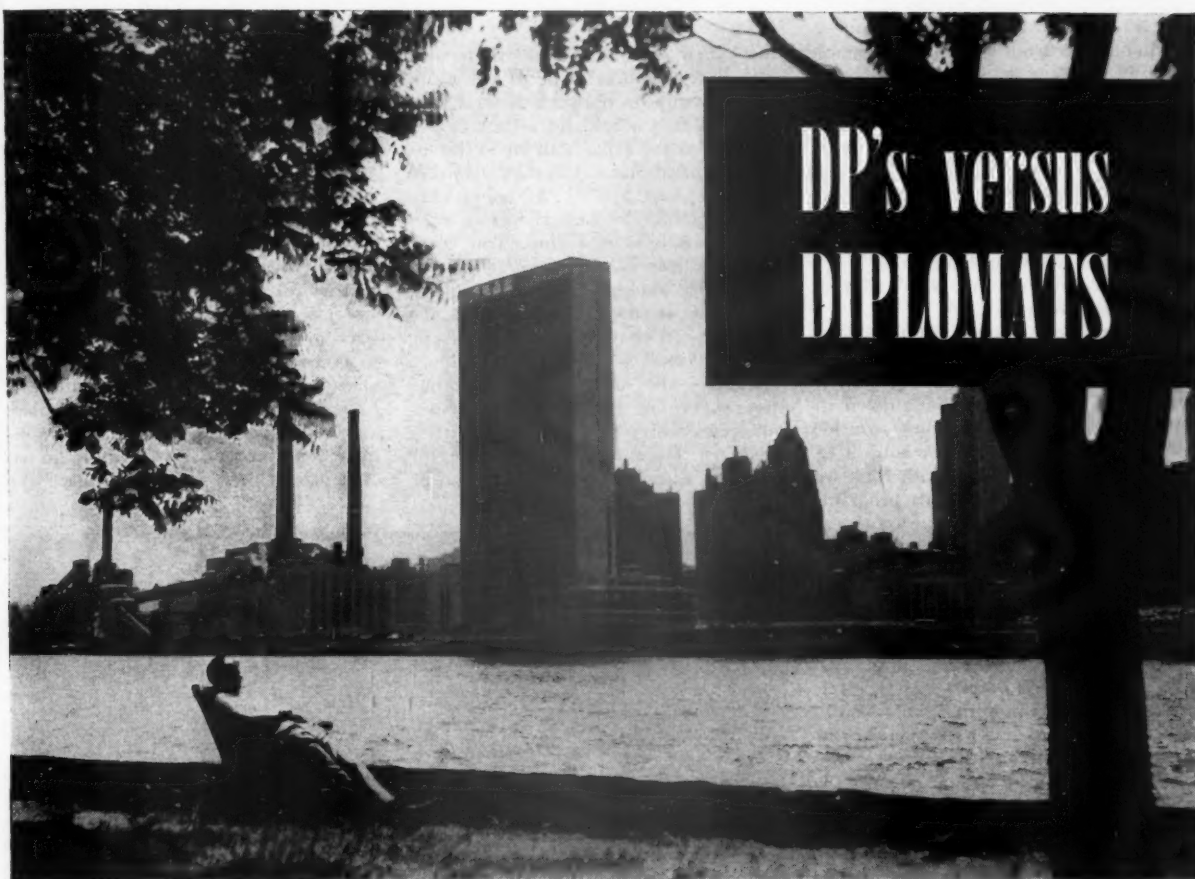
For answer, I untied the reins and wheeled Gay Heels to the back lane. No words were there to serve me. Olson followed, his revolver in hand. Down past the potting sheds we went, past the deserted orchard where the bees hummed, my horse softly nudging my pockets. With a cracked dryness to my mouth, I thought what I could do. Now, if Olson and I came up from a fresh-covered pit in the meadow, who was to say the horse was not dead? If I were to stake him in the woods, I could lead him away by night, perhaps ride to another county and hide him. Wild thoughts for a grown man, to be sure. Olson was for it, I knew. All I needed was the sight of the men coming back with their earthy shovels and I would have spoken my mind, with each breath in my lungs a battle. But we met no one. I said to myself, now, and again, now, clearing my throat. Then we were at the meadow and the black mouth of the pit.

"Olson . . .," I said and my voice cracked.

HE WAS looking to the fence at the woods' edge. "Get those kids out of there," he snapped.

Like creatures no one wants, the dirty, ragged Murphy brood was peering through the rails. There were the twins, too thin for babies, and the older boy, already grown wild, and his sister, Bridget, to see that they didn't kill themselves entirely. I never finished that sentence to Olson, for I saw those wandering children with a jobless father who could not support them. I thought of a man whose misstep was known to all and whose livelihood was taken from him. And I saw my own children, who might well wear those ragged clothes, as did the Murphy children. "Get along with you!" I roared.

They turned and scattered like wild creatures, taking my wild hopes with them. I saw the thing that I must do, and I unbuttoned my good gray sweater. Olson had his eyes on me. I took the jacket and stepped up to Gay Heels and knotted the sleeves behind his ears. He trembled for an instant, but at my word was still. The width of the shoulders and back was over those fine brown eyes, and he could not see me, nor I him. Then I stepped back so that Olson could shoot.



DP's versus DIPLOMATS

A flattering view of the slab-like United Nations Building seen from Welfare Island.

**Under the guise of "diplomats," Red
spys gain easy entrance to the U.S., while
ordinary aliens suffer many inspections**

by GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

"**N**OW," said the immigration inspector at Idlewild International Airport, "I've seen everything."

From the expression on his face I thought I'd better do some careful listening. Immigration men of his length of service aren't likely to be astonished by trifles.

"You see that guy?" the inspector went on, jerking the tip of a pencil in the direction of a well-dressed man of quiet demeanor, whose entry card he had just stamped and passed.

"What about him?" I asked.

"I just admitted him on a transit visa," the inspector told me. "But what a transit visa! So help me, it read that the holder was to be admitted to the United States in transit to the United Nations Headquarters at Lake Success."

"You mean that Lake Success isn't in

the U.S.? That he's in a foreign country when he gets there, just as though he'd crossed the border into Mexico or Canada?" I demanded.

"We-ell," said the inspector, "not quite. But some U.S. consul on the other side was making his own interpretation of the law. Maybe it's a State Department ruling; I don't know. Anyway, the law says that—lemme see the exact words" he leafed through his bulky book of laws, regulations, and other data—"here it is: 'the federal, state, or local authorities of the United States shall not impose any impediments to transit to or from the headquarters district of representatives of members or officials of the United Nations'—mmm—their families—mmm—representatives of the press accredited by the U.N.—mmm—representatives of nongovernmental organiza-

tions recognized by the U.N.—mmm—and then it says here, farther down, that 'laws and regulations in force in the United States regarding the entry of aliens shall not be applied in such manner as to interfere with the above privileges.' So the guy has an official passport as representative of a recognized agency, and he has a transit visa to go from New York to Lake Success. So I let him in. What else can I do?"

"But," I objected, "is he going to stay here? He can't live in the U.N. Building, can he? Legally he can't be in the United States at all, once he has completed the half-hour cab ride from here to Lake Success. How'll he ever get out again?"

"That," said the inspector, "is his problem. We're not even allowed to ask these fellows any questions. I may add that this one wasn't answering any either. Of course, as a practical matter, he won't have to stay inside the U.N. grounds. If he'd been in transit to Canada or Mexico I'd have checked him in, another inspector at his port of exit would have checked him out—and if he

hadn't checked out within a reasonable time we'd have had the investigators looking for him to find out how come. But when he gets to Lake Success there'll be nobody to check him in—and nobody to check him out. We don't keep immigration inspectors at the gates over there. The guy's as free as the air he breathes—which means a lot freer than he ever was where he came from."

"Where'd you say that was?" I asked, not too hopefully.

"I didn't say," retorted my friend the inspector. "I'm not starting any diplomatic incidents."

"Well," I remarked, "I was down in Washington last week listening to a lot of viewing-with-alarm on the subject of the country being flooded with Reds by way of the displaced persons program. Looks to me there are easier ways to get people into this country unbeknownst than shipping 'em over as D.P.'s."

"You can say that again," the inspector replied with great emphasis. "I've worked some of the D.P. ships. You ought to see the screening those fellows have to go through before they ever get on a boat. It's so thorough that the inspector at this end almost never finds anything haywire. But these representatives and experts and special consultants and what not that any country can send here to work for it at Lake Success, why, they just walk in. As I said, we immigration men can't question 'em—and, what's more, the customs boys can't even look at their baggage, not if they bring a ton of it."

So I thought it might be a good idea to look at both angles of this problem—the easy way to get into the U.S. and the hard way. Maybe it might contribute to some realistic thinking and less loose chatter. After all, the security of the United States is a pretty serious matter these days, and we don't want to spend time nailing up the back door, if it already has a nice strong bolt, while we leave the front door standing wide open. That doesn't make too much sense.

I discovered it made still less sense a few days later when I went on board the U. S. Army transport "General Stuart Heintzelmann," freshly arrived in New York from Bremerhaven with a passenger list of 1200 displaced persons.

The immigration officers were arranged at tables in the crew's messroom; at each table a queue of hopeful, yet anxious, D.P.'s was already waiting. Their faces were tense. They knew that they were now at the last barrier of their long and weary progress. They knew

that when the young man in the neat olive-drab uniform banged the round rubber stamp on the back of their landing card they would be at last free to walk down the gangplank on to the soil of the United States. But they were each and every one of them afraid of some last-minute hitch, some defect in their papers, some hidden trap. You could read that fear in their eyes as the first prospective immigrant in each queue sat down at the tables, each facing an immigration inspector, each passing across the table a thick sheaf of papers.

Rapidly the inspectors ran through those sheaves of documents, noting various items and comparing them with a check list. Here and there an inspector asked a question, either directly or

various papers against a list of requirements to make sure that no demand of law or regulation has been omitted. Occasionally some individual is delayed for a day or two because of some technical irregularity in his papers; almost never is a D.P. held up "for cause" at this point. Thirteen previous siftings have pretty well taken care of that possibility.

Just what do all these screenings add up to? Let's see.

(1) Each displaced person who desires to go to America must have an "assurance" from some reliable person or organization in the United States that he will have a job which won't displace anyone else; that a home has been located for him (and his family if he has one) which likewise won't displace any



A weary mother and child await the immigration inspection

through an interpreter. Then bang-bang-bang the stamps began to smack down on the landing cards. At the half-dozen tables, almost in unison, the six D.P.'s who had been first in line arose, fear fading into bewilderment and then into unbelieving joy on their faces. They had passed the last barrier, without fuss or delay, just a routine check. They could hardly take it all in.

"Well, that didn't take long," I remarked to the young lady who represented the International Refugee Organization on this particular DP ship.

"Why should it?" she shot back. "This is the *fourteenth* time these poor folks have been screened. No wonder there are so few questions left to ask."

As a matter of fact, I found a D.P. is almost never turned back at this final screening on arrival in New York. All the inspectors have to do is to check the

American citizen or family; and that he and his will not be allowed to become public charges.

(2) The D.P. must be personally matched with the "assurance," so as to avoid any possible error in identity.

(3) He must establish eligibility as a genuine displaced person under the rules of the International Refugee Organization.

(4) He must prove to a European field representative of the United States Displaced Persons Commission that he meets the preliminary requirements for entry into the United States under the Displaced Person Act.

(5) The U. S. Army Counterintelligence Corps then checks him as to moral character, police record, membership in subversive groups, etc.—this is a very thorough check, with fingerprints, photographs, and all the trimmings.

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT, military and naval correspondent for the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune* and CBS analyst, has published a number of authoritative books and articles on military and international affairs.

(6) Meanwhile, his fingerprints have been sent to the F. B. I. to see whether they have anything on him.

(7) All documents, including birth certificates, marriage papers, evidence of citizenship, IRO documents (if any), CIC report, etc., are assembled, and the D.P. Commission at this point sets up a "case analysis" and renders final decision as to whether the applicant is qualified to enter the United States under the D.P. Act.

(8) The applicant receives a preliminary medical examination at or near his home.

(9) The applicant must then proceed to a designated D.P. center for another medical check by a doctor of the U. S. Public Health Service.

though not a very exhaustive one unless the ship's doctor reports that he has developed signs of some illness en route to America.

(14) The applicant then (with all his papers in hand testifying that each of the preceding steps has been completed) goes before the immigration inspector for his landing permit. He is sometimes puzzled to learn that this last process is officially designated as the "primary" inspection!

If the applicant fails to surmount any one of these fourteen barriers, the whole process stops and he is turned back. Naturally there are fewer turn-backs in the later stages of the process than in the earlier. Immigration Service records show that less than 1 in 10,000 D.P.'s

of New York on a first-class ticket. Nobody can stop him. No U. S. official can even ask him a question. (Mind you, I'm not talking about the U. N. secretariat—the permanent staff or the great international organization. They're fairly well controlled. I'm talking about the delegates, secretaries, experts, technical aides, servants, what not, who work for the 58 national delegations to the U. N.—a very different thing.) Total number at present in the U. S. is 295 with diplomatic status, 263 secretaries and staff members, 116 servants. (Of course, this doesn't include the embassy staffs in Washington.) But there's a tremendous amount of coming and going—entries under such passports in the Port of New York alone for the year 1949 totaled



A fine screening is applied to aliens, as Latvians above, but Reds with U.N. passports aren't bothered

(10) He then goes before a U. S. vice-consul, is interviewed, questioned, and all documents again examined to determine whether he is entitled to a visa permitting his entry to the U. S. (The State Department must be separately satisfied on this point, regardless of what the D.P. Commission may think.)

(11) When the visa has been granted, he must still be interviewed and questioned by field officers of the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization of the Department of Justice, who must likewise be separately satisfied that he meets the requirements of all immigration laws and rules.

(12) He then goes to a port of embarkation, usually Bremerhaven, where he gets another medical check before embarking.

(13) After he has crossed the ocean he is given still another medical once-over,

is detained "for cause" on arrival in the U. S., and there has been only one of these cases so far where permanent exclusion has resulted. Of more than 100,000 D.P.'s who entered the U. S. up to the end of 1949, only 20 have subsequently been reported to authorities as being subversive, and only 35 as having given false information to secure entry, and most of these reports turned out to be unfounded. Obviously, the D.P. route is the hard way to get bad eggs into our American basket.

BUT the other way? Why, if a foreign government wants to send somebody over here to make contacts, or get information, or organize a spy ring, or do anything else he ought not to be doing, all they have to do is appoint him a third assistant consulting expert to their U. N. delegation and send him into the Port

2,049. Either each accredited individual made three trips back and forth, or there is a tremendous turnover in these staffs, with people constantly going home and being replaced by fresh arrivals. Figure that one out for yourself.

So perhaps we are doing a lot of worrying about the D.P. back door, of which there's so much talk, when as a matter of fact no one can possibly enter by that door until we've had a good chance to look him over and find out who he is. Perhaps it would do no harm for us to forget about that back door for a while and instead pay a little attention to who's coming in by the front door which we so invitingly leave wide open. We could at least take note of folks who don't wipe their feet on the welcome mat as they enter. Some of 'em might make dirty tracks on the parlor rug.



Joseph P. ("King Joe") Ryan,
president of A.F.L. International
Longshoremen's Association

More Ryan than Reason

by MILTON LOMASK

New York longshoremen suffer from a high rate
of occupational accidents. They suffer also from
a high rate of antiquated union leadership

FOR the last four years, the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists in New York has been a source of discomfort to Joseph P. Ryan, president of the A.F.L. International Longshoremen's Association.

The issue, simply put, is this: Ryan thinks present working conditions on the waterfront are good enough. ACTU does not. ACTU's desire to improve working conditions for ILA men is in line with its announced objectives. An apostolate founded by Catholic laymen in 1937, ACTU seeks to apply the progressive social theories of two recent popes to American industrial problems.

The battle is crucial, because what happens to New York harbor happens to the whole American economy. The 305-mile waterfront with its 300 piers and 940 million dollars worth of dock facilities handles nearly 50 per cent of U. S. imports and exports. It has been called "the lifeline of American industry." In peace it is that at least. With another war in the making, its explosive labor situation makes it the Achilles heel of national defense.

Ninety per cent of the harbor's work is done by longshoremen. It is hard, semiskilled work. It takes an alert mind as well as a broad back to handle the longshoremen's bale hook, to manipulate heavy loading winches and slings. It takes an alert mind to keep the broad back all in one piece in an industry with the highest accident rate of any in the country. Writes Father John M. Corridan, associate director of Manhat-

tan's Xavier Labor Institute and close observer of waterfront difficulties:

"If you should ever think of taking up longshoring you have one chance in 500 of being killed or completely disabled for life, one in 40 of . . . permanent physical impairment . . . , one in four of losing 34 days because of temporary injury."

In the public mind there is understandable confusion as to just where the ILA leaves off and President Joe Ryan begins. "King Joe," vigorous, personable, and overweight at sixty-six, is a labor Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

On his Dr. Jekyll side Ryan has done pretty well by the pocketbooks of his boys. Thirty years ago dock workers got thirty cents an hour. Today, after twenty-three years of battling "Ryanism," the hourly rate is \$1.88 for straight time, \$2.82 for nights, holidays, and weekends.

On his Mr. Hyde side, Ryan is unwilling—or unable—to support long overdue reforms in waterfront labor practices. He rules his outfit dictatorially. He took office in 1927 after years of longshoring on the Hudson River piers near his West Side birthplace. In 1943 he had himself made president for life. It is an open secret that he maintains his regime by creating paper locals. In the ruling councils of ILA the votes cast by these Ryan-created locals make opposition difficult.

The Association of Catholic Trade Unionists has tangled with Ryan several times and won from him more than any

other group. ACTU members, however, refrain from wholesale denunciation. As one member puts it:

"Ryan, after all, is a product of a struggle in an industry where just to create a union calls for firm methods. He is really not so much the villain in the piece as a challenge to the union rank and file."

"Naturally," this ACTU member continues, "it will be a happy day when Ryan is displaced by a better man. Meanwhile it is up to the rank and file to develop leaders who can do that, leaders strong enough to conduct the union along economically sound and democratic lines."

On the surface the problem seems to be one for the cops. The New York waterfront supports a complex of rackets, ranging from organized, large-scale thievery to petty sluggers, gamblers, and loan sharks. These, it is estimated, mulct the industry (and ultimately the dock workers and the consuming public) of fifty million dollars a year.

ACTUALLY rackets are not the cause of New York's harbor sickness. They are merely the symptoms. The germ of the ailment is the continued existence of an evil and impractical practice known as the *shape-up*.

The shape is the method of hiring. It works like this. As a longshoreman, you go down in the morning to the entrance of the pier where you usually work. You stand in a large semicircle with other job seekers. At 7:55 A.M.



In the old-fashioned shape-up system a dock worker has to get hired twice a day every workday. He spends a lot of time unhired

Ewing Gallows

the hiring boss comes out and picks the workers he needs.

There are two shapes daily, the second at 12:55. Even if you get work in the morning, you must make the afternoon shape to keep your job.

What if you don't get work? You've brought your lunch box. The long, empty day stretches ahead. Across the street are the waterfront gin mills. Or you play the numbers. Or look for some way, any way, to make a quick buck.

On most New York docks, in actual practice, the shape is modified. Men working more or less regularly are formed into work gangs. These, rather than individuals, are called up. On some well-run docks the gangs needed next day or that evening are posted ahead of time. If you miss a call, however, you are replaced by a man from the street. Next day you are hitting the shape again.

Another by-product of the shape is excess labor. Under the shape, the men are not registered. There is no way of balancing available work against labor supply. The union leadership takes full advantage of this, having everything to gain from a "more the merrier" policy of issuing union books.

Because books are easy to get, hundreds of casual laborers, truckers, taxi drivers, ex-convicts, and unemployed drop down to the shape to see if they can pick up a few extra hours of work. Every hour of work these men get

lowers the food budget of a legitimate union member.

The over-all result of these loose hiring practices is that 46,000 New York dock workers scabble and claw for 20,000 jobs! This excess labor makes a farce of the substantial hourly rates which the men have sweated and died to get. Department of Labor figures show that in 1949 fully one half of all New York longshoremen earned only \$34.31 a week or less. Of these some 8,000 earned only \$8.58 a week or less.

TO GET rid of the shape, to replace it by a system less conducive to favoritism, crime, and excess labor—these, of course, are the objectives of every group friendly to the rank and file. How to do it is the problem.

Some friends of the rank and file feel the situation is so difficult that there is only one answer: state or federal legislation. The Association of Catholic Trade Unionists is skeptical of this.

"The trouble with laws," one member explains, "is that they are only as good as the people who run and support them. We feel that the reforms must come from the ILA membership."

ACTU derives this policy from experience gained in two sharp encounters with the ILA leadership. Although ACTU entered the first of these crises only four years ago, the events leading up to it go back to 1942.

That year the Thompson brothers, a

couple of Ryan appointees, captured Local 895, the Greenwich Village local of ILA. Eddy Thompson became hiring boss on the Hudson River piers where the 400 members of 895 work. His brother Sonny made himself business agent.

Sonny was no longshoreman at all. He ran and operated a waterfront bar and grill. He was not even eligible for membership under a clause of the seldom-read ILA constitution, which forbids issuance of union books to men dealing in intoxicating liquors. The Thompsons filled the union offices with Ryan stooges. For three years they ran the local in secret. Not a single membership meeting was called, and rank-and-file demands for rules were ignored.

In the late fall of 1945, the Thompsons encountered membership rebellion. In December, three months before the scheduled election, they sent out postcards, summoning the men to a meeting for the nomination of officers.

The meeting was held Sunday afternoon, December 9, 1945, in the hall of St. Veronica's Church—parish church for the practically 100 per cent Catholic membership of the local. When the union members arrived, they found the hall packed with strangers. Some held books in East Side locals. Some came from no locals at all.

William Laughlin, one of the legitimate members, pushed in, charged the meeting was packed, and demanded pro-

ceedings stop. He was shouted down. He walked out, and 150 other "legits."

Next day the legits learned that the Thompsons and their toadies had been re-elected, and a law had been steam-rolled extending their terms of office from three to five years.

The legits drew up a petition of protest and submitted it to the Ryan-dominated New York district council, ruling body of the International. Frankly they expected nothing to come of it. Nothing did. In desperation, they turned to the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists.

ACTU reviewed the situation rapidly but thoroughly. That is its way. Its policy is not to initiate action in labor crises, but to give help where help is merited—and requested. ACTU advised the men first of all to go back to work. They had gone on strike the day after the illegal election meeting.

Edward W. Scully, New York attorney and charter member of ACTU, took the next step. On January 2, 1946, a plea prepared by Scully and signed by two of the legits was filed in New York County Supreme Court. Technically it made the local leadership defendants. Actually it was directed at Joe Ryan.

Reactions among the Ryan faction were swift and intriguing. "King Joe" wept on shoulders of newspaper reporters. What "shocked" him, he said, was that "men of my own faith could do this to me." In the harbor taverns, Ryan supporters discussed ACTU's intervention with something less than their usual waterfront bravado.

"We don't want to get into no trouble with them," was how they put it.

"Them," of course, was ACTU, and

"them's" strength was the fact that no one in the Ryan crowd knew just how much strength "them" had. Actually ACTU is not a large organization. Founded in New York, it now has small branches in Detroit and San Francisco. National headquarters at 226 Lafayette Street, New York, are three bare rooms in an old building on a low-rent corner about equidistant from Old St. Patrick's Cathedral and Police Headquarters. Staff are Roger Larkin, executive secretary, and a couple of part-time assistants.

But ACTU has enormous strength. It has the strength of dedicated men, who believe in what they are doing. ACTU members give their time, their money, and themselves to active support of the principles expressed in the social encyclicals of Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI. The vicious attacks which ACTU has suffered from left-wing newspapers are understandable. Less defensible are the attacks which it has also received from Catholics, unacquainted apparently with the noble aims of the two great social encyclicals, *Rerum Novarum* (1891) and *Quadragesimo Anno* (1931). Both documents urge Catholic support of efforts by workingmen to organize and better their living and spiritual conditions by peaceful united action.

At the time ACTU filed its plea for injunction, newspaper reporters noted that legal actions against Joe Ryan had been taken before. Nothing had ever come of them. Would ACTU make the first breach in the powerful Ryan stronghold?

It did. The case never came to trial. Ryan backed down, threw out the results of the illegal election meeting, and agreed to a legal election in the forthcoming March. A supervising committee

was set up, consisting of two Ryan men, two rank-and-filers, and an outside, disinterested chairman.

At the election, the rank and file won a decided victory. It got one of the two key offices and threw out Eddy Thompson as hiring boss, replacing him with William Buse, a rank-and-file man.

This time ACTU had the assistance of one of its associate chaplains, a young priest recently attached to St. Veronica's. Father Edward D. Head had done some longshoring himself. He knew and sympathized with the men's problems. Working with the rank and file and ACTU, he circulated a petition urging Mayor William O'Dwyer to permit the Grace Lines to take over pier 45.

And in January of 1949, Local 895 and ACTU staged a big mass meeting at St. Veronica's hall. All sorts of Very Important Persons were invited, including His Honor. None of them came, but within ten days after the rally the city leased pier 45 to the Grace Lines! Today three piers are going strong in the neighborhood.

As has been stated, it is out of these encounters that ACTU has carved its waterfront policy. It believes that all reforms should be initiated by the rank and file. It knows the struggle ahead is difficult but that it can produce results.

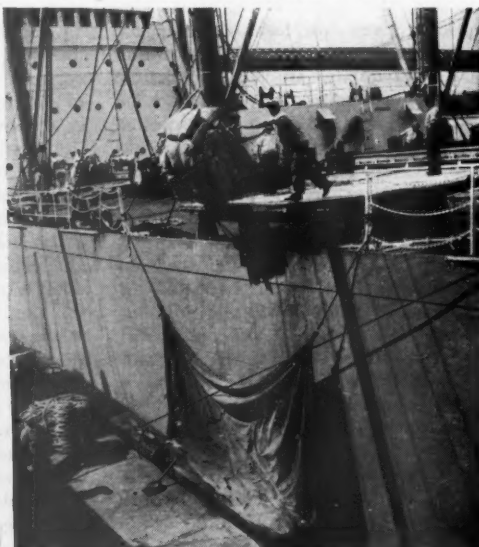
AS FATHER HEAD says, "our experience indicates that Joe Ryan will move when subjected to enough pressure from below."

In other words, Joe Ryan can be had! The methods by which ACTU hopes to "have him" will be described next month in a second and concluding discussion of Catholic Action on the waterfront.

Larkin of ACTU presents award to longshoreman Mazella



Longshoremen unloading sugar from Hawaii



Mario Lanza and
Kathryn Grayson sing
the "Madame Butterfly" roles
in "Toast of New Orleans"

STAGE and SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER



The Play's The Thing

There is nothing wrong with the theater that a good play won't cure. Not necessarily a hit play, a financial success of the *South Pacific* caliber, but a drama that can inspire while it entertains, charm while it enlightens, and send an audience out into the neon-lighted night feeling just a bit better for having gone to the theater.

Glancing back over the last decade, one finds pitifully few offerings to fill that bill. There have been enough hit plays to tide the drama over the roughest spots of the past ten years and an entertainment-hungry public eager to pay exorbitant rates for tickets to these well-publicized hits. There has been a measure of prosperity in some theatrical circles—but the general picture has been far from bright.

In the 1928-1929 season, a total of 225 plays was presented, while last season there were less than 50. Obviously there is something wrong with an art, or even a business, that suffers such a sharp decline. While the research experts and surveyors apportion the blame among labor costs, Hollywood, TV, surly box-office attendants, Federal taxes, building codes, and world conditions—the basic problem in the theater today is the need for better plays.

For several years, audiences have had to content themselves with mediocrity. With rare exceptions, Broadway has merely served to channel leftist propaganda, suggestive humor, and hack writing. Only through the revival of past successes does the modern theatergoer find in some measure the spirit, the skill, and uplift that should be an integral part of every drama.

Today's dramatists seem to have lost touch with all but life's sordid aspects, its distorted perspectives and grim secularism. They have, to a very great extent, sacrificed the chance to

serve as a vital force in building a strong cultural base. Instead they have resorted to slick substitutes for artistic values, and a despairing materialism in place of faith.

A recent survey called on the theater minds to provide a stronger public relations policy in order to lure the public back to the fold and to revive the fabulous invalid. That may help, but it isn't a cure-all. The only hope for the theater is in a new brigade of writing craftsmen ready, willing, and able to forge a new footlights regime. It can be done, as many fresh, enthusiastic groups are beginning to prove. It must be done if the theater in America is to survive its own blunders.

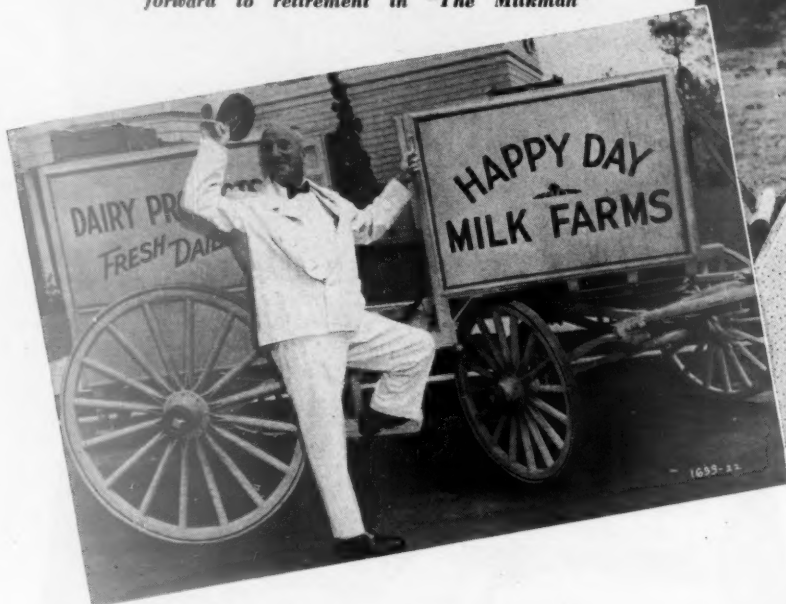
Reviews in Brief

Hollywood's flirtation with heroes who have past or present criminal tendencies continues unabated with *WALK SOFTLY, STRANGER*. A mildly interesting melodrama about one of those repentant crooks who reforms under the influence of love, this follows a cryptic course to an expected finale. Joseph Cotten is the gambler who would return to the straight and narrow, while Valli appears as the crippled girl who inspires him to a better career. Their performances are in the lackadaisical vein of the entire production. (RKO-Radio)

Joel McCrea is one of the screen's most convincing range riders. In *SADDLE TRAMP*, a picturesque Technicolor Western with all the familiar trappings, the star lends added interest through his slow-moving, yet effective, portrayal of a happy cowhand. When a friend is killed, McCrea finds himself in the role of guardian for four young boys. The usual gun duels, hard riding, and cattle rustling round out a fairly exciting production, which was filmed in the rugged

★ Joel McCrea and Wanda Hendrix in the "fadeout" scene from "Saddle Tramp"

★ Bottle-carrier Jimmy Durante happily looks forward to retirement in "The Milkman"



Nevada country. The Saturday matinee set will probably give this screen offering a four-whistle rating. (Universal-International)

The ruthless heroine of *BORN TO BE BAD* is described by one of her romantic victims as a "combination Peg O' My Heart and Lucrezia Borgia." This mid-century Elinor Glyn plot with Freudian overtones attempts to scintillate, but succeeds only in achieving a tawdry substitute for sophistication. As a young lady who sets out to secure wealth at the expense of family and friends, Joan Fontaine is convincingly brittle. Technically, hers is a good interpretation of a character without morals, scruples, or decency. While there is some indication that her path will lead ever downward, there is also a tongue-in-cheek attitude toward her ruthless greed, which is regrettable. Robert Ryan, Zachary Scott, and Mel Ferrer seem uncomfortable as the moths involved. Only Joan Leslie strikes a wholesome note in this partly objectionable study of a tigress who preferred mink. (RKO-Radio)

NO WAY OUT renders lip service to the cause of racial amity, but it does overstate the case and often views it out of focus. In striving to strike hard at the hatred that is self-destroying, the film makes some familiar mistakes of judgment. Here we have a fine young Negro, an intern in a large city hospital, who becomes the target for the slum-bred hatred of a psychopathic criminal. He stirs up friends against the intern whom he blamed for his brother's death. A race riot results. The gangster is wounded while attempting to murder the Negro, and the latter saves his life. Alternating between excessive brutality and its plea for understanding, the film just skims the target. Its very grimness precludes a recommendation as general entertainment, and sensationalism hardly provides a suitable guidepost out of the swamp-land of racial hatred. It does meager justice to the problem by sketching the situation in dime-novel terms. Sidney Poitier is fine as the young Negro, and Richard Widmark is properly vicious as the hate-monger. Linda Darnell, Stephen McNally,

and Mildred Joanne Smith are expert co-stars in a melodrama that promises more than it delivers. (20th Century-Fox)

TEA FOR TWO is a sparkling, tuneful Technicolor package based on yesteryear's musical comedy hit, *No No Nanette*. The ingredients are standard, but pleasant enough for those who demand little more than a relaxing hour or so. The attempts at humor occasionally veer toward the suggestive, but in general the film is suitable for adult audiences. Gordon MacRae, Doris Day, Eve Arden, Gene Nelson, Billy De Wolfe, Patrice Wymore, and S. Z. Sakall provide some enjoyable moments with such nostalgic tunes as "I Know That You Know," "I Want To Be Happy," "I Only Have Eyes for You," and the title song. (Warner Bros.)

The youngsters will enjoy every flashing reel of *THE FIREBALL*, a fast-moving melodrama with a roller-rink background. Mickey Rooney and Pat O'Brien are co-starred as a young orphan and the priest who tries to teach the boy sportsmanship. Mickey is convincing as the boy rises to the top, using foul means oftener than fair. Stricken by polio, he spends months in bed but makes a valiant comeback physically and spiritually. The racing scenes provide an exciting antidote for the story clichés. This may make the adults restive, but it will supply the younger set with fast action and a positive lesson in sportsmanship. (20th Century-Fox)

While Mario Lanza and Kathryn Grayson sing their solos and duets, *THE TOAST OF NEW ORLEANS* becomes one of the year's outstanding musical-movie treats. Their fine young voices bring memories of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald at the peak of their popularity. In this second screen appearance as a team, Miss Grayson and Lanza have a costume musical set in the Bayou Country at the turn of the century. Lanza is seen as a shrimp fisherman with a robust, but untrained, voice. When he sings at a Bayou festival, an opera manager arranges for him to study in New Orleans.

★ Tyrone Power, Cecile Aubry, and Jack Hawkins
in a tense scene from "The Black Rose"



★ Derby-skater Mickey Rooney airs his
grievances to Pat O'Brien in "The Fireball"



Miss Grayson is the company star, and the usual complications ensue. The trivial story is brightened immeasurably by the vocal interludes and is topped with a brilliant rendition of the "Love Duet" from Puccini's *Madame Butterfly*. The stars leave the acting chores to J. Carrol Naish. He is splendid as Lanza's "Cajun" uncle who would rather see him a fisherman than an opera star. This is first-rate fare for the entire family, from the music lovers to the slapstick fans. (M-G-M)

Filed in England and Africa, *THE BLACK ROSE* is a sprawling costume drama based on the Thomas Costain novel. From the technical point of view it is impressive enough, but the interminable length of the production, the pedestrian pace of the adaptation, and the lack of action prevent it from being an outstanding venture. Tyrone Power is effective as the adventurous young Englishman who sets out to see the thirteenth-century world. His travels with the army of a Mongol General take him to ancient China, where he learns of gunpowder and printing. After a series of fantastic adventures, the young Saxon returns to make his peace with the Norman rulers of England. Power is convincing and Orson Welles plays the Mongol leader with an expected flourish. Adults who relish a taste of the fanciful, with pageantry and lavish display on the side, will probably approve this glimpse of an adventurous, fictional tapestry. (20th Century-Fox)

THE SCARF seems to have two goals—one political, the other to prove the innocence of a young man railroaded to a mental institution for murdering a girl. It succeeds in saving the hero from his horrible fate, but merely fumbles along in striving to express its economic philosophy. Portions of the picture indicate an animosity reminiscent of the left-wing tracts. Mercedes McCambridge, as an embittered, hardened waitress, is convincing enough, but one wonders whether she is doomed to a career-time of such basically unsympathetic roles. Unless the sub-rosa stories are true, Miss McCambridge

has nothing to lose by changing type in midstream. John Ireland, John Barton, Basil Ruysdael, and Emlyn Williams are adequate to the demands of stereotyped assignments. (United Artists)

RIGHT CROSS has enough script variation and a sufficiently breezy style to compensate for its conventional ring-side plot. It revolves around a Mexican fighter, excellently played by Ricardo Montalban, and his manager, who is a flip young lady carrying on for her crippled father. There is also a sportswriter who likes the fighter and loves the manager. The dialogue is crisp and the ring scenes convincing, which makes this a satisfactory offering for adults and children alike. June Allyson, Dick Powell, Lionel Barrymore, and Barry Kelley turn in fine performances in this realistic and thoroughly enjoyable ring story with a surprise twist. (M-G-M)

Donald O'Connor's antics enliven *THE MILKMAN*, in which he shares the comedy spotlight with Jimmy Durante. Hijinks on a milk route with murder, robbery, romance, and business competition thrown in for good measure all add up to a long session of laughs. A climactic chase through a milk plant caps a better-than-average family comedy in which two generations of funsters vie for honors. Both O'Connor and Durante are in top form, with the supporting cast helping out between guffaws. (Universal-International)

Suspense is the primary ingredient of *HIGH LONESOME*, an exciting yarn set in the plateau country of Texas. John Barrymore Jr. has the principal role as a homeless boy innocently involved in several murders and suspected by the neighboring ranchers. Both story and acting are on a high level, and the net result is a genuinely absorbing tale of revenge and mystery that is well above par. Chill Wills, Lois Butler, John Archer, and Basil Ruysdael handle themselves well in this action-filled, visually appealing Technicolor chiller. (Eagle Lion)

Why we Need Chaplains

Chaplains are needed for Mass and the Sacraments, but also to inspire fighting men with the highest ideals

by JOHN EDWARD DINEEN

FOR the reassurance of parents whose sons have been going or will be going into the Army, it can be said that, morally, the boys will be exposed to good influences as well as bad and that, just at present, the good outweigh the bad considerably. The good influences, moreover, can, with vigilance, be kept preponderant.

What are the bad influences to which soldiers are exposed? And what are the good influences?

The bad influences, of course, are mainly liquor and licentiousness. The good influences are so numerous that most of them will only be briefly touched on in this article, which aims to describe one of them in particular.

As for the bad influences, the Army, in collaboration with state and local police, is doing a conscientious job of keeping at a safe distance from Army camps any establishments in which hard liquor and loose women are made readily available to the minority of young men who seek them out.

Physically and mentally, the majority of young men in the present Army are above average. Looking at them at work and at play, you do not see in them an abundance of MacArthurs, Eisenhowers,



A chaplain among wounded soldiers at a Korean dressing station. The Chaplain's example gives power to his words

or Charles E. Lees, but you do see in them a reasonably wholesome, reasonably reassuring type. The most intense longing of most of them is not for violent, illicit pleasures but for frequent enough leave to visit as often as possible their families and their friends back home. If they do not find their diversions in Plato, geopolitics, the later compositions of Igor Stravinsky, the Papal Encyclicals on totalitarianism, or the art of global strategy, they do find them in such outlets as sports, the movies, dates with decent girls, bull sessions with the boys, cokes at the canteen soda fountain, and the like. In short, the first good influence on the incoming volunteer or draftee is the companionship of fellow Americans who are predominantly normal. Not saintly, perhaps, but normal: not vicious, not degenerate, not cynical.

Another good influence is the nature of the very work and the very discipline to which soldiers are subjected. This

work and this discipline, although in times of peace they might be considered narrowing, are not softening. On the whole, they brace a man, they tone him up, they instill in him a sense of duty. This work and this discipline, moreover, are administered by officers and non-coms of whom large numbers saw action in World War II—men who, provably, are not cowards, who have practiced what they are preaching, and who therefore are setting a soldierly example.

One of the most interesting and admirable and, at the same time, one of the least publicized of the Army's attempts to exert a good influence, to develop a sound mind in a sound body, is its Citizenship and Morality Program. This program has been the work, as is most Army work, of several men, but it is so well-planned that, like the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, surely not a committee but a single, and very fine, intelligence and imagination must have originated it and kept it the sensible, unified thing

it is. Without such an intelligence and imagination it could easily have degenerated into a hodgepodge. Whoever made it what it is, Major General Luther D. Miller (retired), former Chief of Chaplains, deserves credit for having administered it in its early stages.

Heart of the program is the Chaplain's Hour. This Chaplain's Hour has been an integral part of the Army's modern training program. A dangerous combination of circumstances, which will be described later in this article, may cause it to be eliminated from the training program, or at least seriously curtailed.

WHAT is the Chaplain's Hour? It is a series of fifty-two talks given at regular intervals during the period of basic training and at such other times as they can be worked in. All the talks are carefully written out, although it is not expected that the chaplain will simply read them to the troops. They are guides, springboards, aids, to which he is free to give his own personal treatment.

The two broad purposes of these talks are to persuade American soldiers to lead clean lives and to believe that they have solid, bedrock ideals which are worth fighting for. A selection from among the fifty-two titles of the talks will give an idea of their general trend: "The Meaning of Citizenship," "The Citizen and His Religion," "The Complete Person," "Basic Moral Principles," "Marriage and Family," "How Free Am I?" "Half-truths and Untruths," "What I Really Am," "Self-Control," "Heart Power," "The Fight That Never Ends," "Till Death Do Us Part."

One of the astonishing things about

the talks is that although, of necessity, they are nonsectarian, they manage brilliantly not to be vague and compromising. Somewhere along the line someone saw to it that they were grounded in the *philosophia perennis* of Aristotle and Aquinas. The language, without being vulgar, is popular; the examples are homely; the tone is man-to-man and straight-from-the-shoulder; but the principles are sublime. Put to use by a chaplain with a good presence and a good voice, they hold attention. I have heard groups of soldiers talking about them with respect. "Good stuff," was their comment.

It should be borne in mind that this "good stuff" is being heard by thousands of young Americans for the first time in their lives. Coming, as thousands of them do, from homes in which there is no real religion or real culture, and from public schools which teach heterodoxy—if, in the field of general principles, they teach anything at all—these youngsters find in the principles the chaplain asks them to think about, the attraction of novelty. And convinced Christians, who have heard about these principles at home, at school, and in church, are pleased to find that instead of being insulated by the Army against their accustomed way of thinking they are encouraged to live up to it.

The Army is a highly specialized institution. Complex though it is, it works, ultimately, at only one objective: killing and destruction. Killing and destruction in national defense, it is true; but those, in the final analysis, are its aims; and, like most highly specialized aims, they are not, in themselves, broadening aims.

It is almost incredible, therefore, to discover that in its Chaplain's Hour the United States Army offers one of the finest short courses in the world in Graeco-Christian humanism!

For a number of years the writer of this article taught literature and history in a Catholic college. Out of necessity as well as curiosity, he read what Dr. Hutchins and Dr. Adler call the "World's Great Books." Personally and amazedly, he has found in the fifty-two talks in the Army's Chaplain's Hour series a distillation of the basic philosophy in those Great Books. They are nothing less. They are wonderful. The finest university in the country would be justified in feeling proud of having prepared them. And they are worth study not only for their content but for their adaptation to the audience for which they are intended. In their modest little way they are masterly.

MUCH, of course, depends on the way in which the individual chaplain uses the material so well prepared for him. On this point it is encouraging to keep in mind that many of the chaplains now in the Army saw action in World War II and that the corps of chaplains had a splendid record for bravery and devotion to duty. The average Army chaplain is not an effete, stained-glass-window kind of person; more often than not he is a manly, devout, well-conducted gentleman whom any fair-minded young American would be willing to meet at least halfway. He is the kind of person who can give the Chaplain's Hour kind of talk with telling effect.

Psychologically, the Chaplain's Hour talks are sure-footed. They deal with sex, but not sex only. Giving to that element of life its due proportion, they deal also with honesty, truth-telling, duty, temperance in eating and drinking, courage, and kindness. The iniquity of sexual promiscuity is not so overemphasized as to fill young men's minds with the very vice they are being warned against. Balance as well as firmness is one of the characteristics of the talks.

Balance, again, is one of the characteristics of their treatment of sex. God made man and woman. God ordained the propagation of the human race to take place in a certain way. Anything He creates, anything He ordains, is good. Evil in anything is the abuse of some God-created, God-ordained good. Adultery is such an abuse. Adultery is turning something beautiful into something ugly. Love, family life, children—these are the privileges of men and women of character. Lust is the sneaking recourse of weaklings. Such is the Chaplain's Hour philosophy of sex. And, as such, it is the official philosophy of sex of the United States Army.



INTERNATIONAL PHOTOS

U. S. Army Chaplain Robert Hearn gives Holy Communion to a group of fighting men in Korea during a respite between battles

One-track Mind



►A beautiful friendship had blossomed between little Johnny and Mary, first-grade pupils.

The teacher had noticed this, and as Johnny wasn't paying much attention to his lessons she decided to do a little prodding.

Keeping him after class one day, she gave him a brief lecture. "So you must study your lessons," she concluded, "or you won't pass. How would you like it if you had to stay in the first grade and little Mary went ahead of you?"

Johnny thought this over for awhile. Then he sighed: "Oh well, I guess there'll be other little Marys."

—Florence Harmon

This admirable philosophy has been urged upon the Army by two classes of officer: the idealists and the realists. The idealists have urged it because they believe in it. The realists have urged it because they believe that Congress believes in it. As one of the realists put it to the writer a year ago: "If in order to get big military appropriations out of Congress in times of peace we have to install pipe organs in the barracks, we'll install the pipe organs and play hymns on them at night to put the boys to sleep."

The danger here, of course, is that in time of war Congress has to make big military appropriations anyhow, and the realists are then in a position to say: "This is war. This is the Army. We have no time for frills. All we have to do is to teach the boys to shoot. Out with the Chaplain's Hour!" Men like General Eisenhower, General Bradley, and, I daresay, General Collins, the present Chief of Staff, have heartily endorsed the Chaplain's Hour, but in time of war such men are so occupied with problems of world strategy and world diplomacy that they are forced to leave the details of Army training to others. These others must not be permitted to capitulate to the realists.

IN the National Security Council there is a subcommittee on venereal disease control. Composed of civilian doctors, doctors from various government agencies, and doctors and officers from the armed forces, this committee advises the government and suggests policy on all matters pertaining to civilian and military control of venereal infection. It is not an administrative body with power to execute the policies it suggests, but it is a body which does exert influence.

On it there are three factions: the idealists, the realists, and the customary government experts at wait-and-see.

The attitude of the realists on this committee might be summarized as follows: "The job of the armed forces is to keep their men physically efficient. A venereally infected man is not efficient. Keep him efficient by telling him to take prophylactic precautions before he indulges in promiscuity and to get examined after he indulges. Shoot him full of real penicillin rather than abstract principles. The Kinsey Report shows that principles are out the window anyhow. Promiscuity is natural. You can't stop it. All right, let's not fight it. Let's just make it safe."

A crude, morally unsophisticated attitude like that has the rhetorical advantage of simplicity, and when the wait-and-see faction listen to it they are half-persuaded by it. Knowing that in time of crisis everyone is impatient to get going with the shooting and get it over with, they are tempted to abandon what they regard as refinements. Fortunately, however, the idealists on the committee have the courage of their convictions. So far, they have been presenting a successful case for the ethical as opposed to the merely prophylactic approach to venereal infection, and there is a way in which their case, and the case of those who favor the entire Chaplain's Hour program, can be securely won.

Congress, in making its big military appropriations, can stipulate that the entire Chaplain's Hour program be kept. If for five hours you teach a man how to shoot and for one hour teach him what the shooting is all about, what ideals he is shooting for, you are making him a better shot than if you devoted

six hours to the shooting and none whatever to the idealism. Idealism, in the Chaplain's Hour sense, is the supremest kind of realism; and the bluff, beefy, impatient kind of realism of the morally unsophisticated is the sheerest, most impractical folly.

When, in World War II, the Russians moved into Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Germany, and other countries more advanced than their own, thousands of them deserted. They didn't know what they were fighting for. Their most ardent motive was to secure, not their ideals, but, by purchase or by theft, a watch, a clock, a portable radio set, or some other mechanism that delighted their simple minds. Taught to shoot, they were taught nothing else, and, had not a country that had something worth fighting for come to their aid with vast amounts of equipment, their own country would have been overrun by the Germans and the Japanese. Americans who take the attitude that a military man, as such, is merely an animated machine for operating inanimate machines are as narrow and as dangerous as the fanatical materialists who have bullied and nagged the world into its present state of crisis.

ODIOUS is the kind of congressman, depicted so scathingly in *Command Decision*, who badgers military men in the field of their specialty. The suggestion is not made here that Congress abdicate its legislative function and take over the Pentagon. Let the generals and the admirals do their work unmolested by officious amateurs. All that is suggested is that Congress see to it that the Chaplain's Hour kind of indoctrination is preserved. On guard over our religious and humanistic ideals, it would be a tragic irony if in defending them we forgot all about them and descended to fighting for fighting's sake only. So descending we might win the battles, but we would lose the war because we would lose our identity as human beings: children of God and heirs of heaven.

Reports from so responsible a newspaper as the *New York Times* about the large number of our troops in Korea who do not know what the world crisis signifies indicate that this practical, realistic idealism ought not to be merely retained. It ought to be given more attention, more time, more status than ever. Because it transcends party lines, Democrats and Republicans alike, by act of Congress, should stipulate that it be kept going—and going strong.

JOHN EDWARD DINEEN, who formerly taught at St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia, now does free-lance writing, including films for the U. S. Army.



Fatima . . . New Miracle Spot of Europe



IN 1917 three little peasant shepherds, none of them more than ten years of age, saw the Virgin Mary appear in a flash of light over the olive groves where they were tending sheep. Today that spot has become an international shrine that promises to overshadow the primacy of Lourdes. On some occasions more than a half million people climb the rocky roads to the tiny town of Fatima where a beautiful basilica stands as a perpetual reminder of Our Lady's visit.

Jacinta, 7, and her brother Francisco, accompanied by a third child, their cousin Lucia dos Santos, witnessed what was later confirmed by ecclesiastical authorities as seven apparitions of the Blessed Virgin

in the olive grove. The two children—Our Lady spoke out in prophecy to them—would soon die, as indeed they did within a very few years, succumbing to influenza. Our Lady also told of the end of World War I, the beginning of the second war, and the coming of great lights in the sky—all of which came to pass. The special mission was to ask the world to pray for the conversion of Red Russia and peace for the world. Later the Pope urged that this phase of the prophecy be fulfilled by the prayerful efforts of all Catholics.

By prayer we can make Fatima the miracle spot of Europe and the world and thus bring about the conversion of Russia and peace on earth.

A SIGN PICTURE STORY



On bicycle and on foot, pilgrims climb the rocky terrain to Fatima. Some pious pilgrims make the long journey on their knees over this rough ground.



The two parents, Pedro Marto, 76, and his wife Olimpe, 80, greet pilgrims before their little home. A better home was offered them and they refused.



Young pilgrims kneel before the church with their water jugs beside them. The ceremony is long and the place is dry. Every drop of water is precious.



This pious woman recites her rosary during the procession. Her socks are worn through, as she traveled out of devotion a great distance without shoes.



The sick and ailing are lined up in long litters for the passing of the statue. Above, an old woman cries as Our Lady's statue passes in front of her place.



Pilgrims come fasting from great distances so that they may receive Holy Communion at the sacred shrine of Fatima. Above, they receive at the outdoor Mass.



Children dress in special costumes for the services. The little girl, above, dressed as an angel, seems to have had just about enough devotions for one day.



The statue is carried on a flower-decked palanquin. The throngs sing the hymn of Fatima and wave white handkerchiefs as a farewell gesture to Our Lady.



The Church in Japan

Since the atom bomb fell on Catholic Nagasaki

the Church has made great spiritual strides

by **PATRICK O'CONNOR**

SIX months earlier, Tokyo's anti-aircraft batteries would have opened up on us. Now the half-destroyed city lay unbelievably peaceful as the shadow of our plane moved across the sunlit grounds of the Imperial Palace.

It was the cold, clear morning of January 3, 1946—just four months after the formal signing of the surrender terms. I was flying in from Guam and San Francisco, on an assignment as foreign correspondent for the N.C.W.C. News Service. Catholic editors and their readers wanted a first-hand account of Japan as it was emerging from the long years of war. How had the Church fared? What were the prospects for religion in the new Japan? Or would there be a new Japan?

I was on the Air Transport Command plane, bucket-seat style. Those of us who

had tried to sleep on the floor of the plane were chilled, stiff, and tired. But as we came over Tokyo, we crowded eagerly to the round windows of the C-54 and peered below. It was hard to realize that this scarred city, quiet and still in the winter sunshine, had so recently been the throbbing center of the Japanese war machine.

We landed on Atsugi airfield, where MacArthur had landed at the end of August, 1945. The installations bore traces of the wartime bombings. Wreckage of Japanese fighter planes lay around the edge of the field.

As we drove toward the city, we saw men and women busy around their farmhouses, giving us that impression of determination and industry received by every new arrival in Japan. We went to Tokyo by way of Yokohama.

I remembered going from Yokohama to Tokyo in prewar days, when it was like passing from St. Paul to Minneapolis or from the London docks to Helborn. A continuous stretch of stores and factories had linked the cities then. Now it was a long waste of burned-out ruins, with an occasional concrete structure standing, smoke-blackened and windowless, amid the desolation. The B-29's and their incendiary bombs had defeated Japan with fire—even before the atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Most of the center of Tokyo, where General MacArthur now had his GHQ, had been spared. Massive western-style buildings stood intact, their columns and windows mirrored in the imperial moat.

Elsewhere in Tokyo, however, the incendiary bombs had fallen thickly. People spoke, shuddering, about the air raids of the previous March and April, when a pattern of fire had been laid and the cold night winds had blown a tempest of flame across miles of city streets.

I made my way to the Apostolic Delegation. The building was in ruins. In a

bleak, rented house alongside, Archbishop Paul Marella had assembled his oft-moved files and was conducting the Delegation business. Only the broken walls of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception were standing. The adjoining residence, junior seminary, and convent were also in ruins. One small house beside the gate had escaped. There gray, quiet-voiced Archbishop Doi was living, and two ground-floor rooms had been joined to serve as temporary chapel for the cathedral parish. Two-thirds of the parishioners had been dispersed. It was the same all over Tokyo. Two million persons had been obliged to evacuate, and they were still forbidden to return. There was not enough food and housing for even the reduced population. Every night, thousands of homeless, hungry men, women, and children took refuge in the reeking tunnels of downtown Ueno station. Some tried to sleep on a sheet of newspaper spread on the cold ground. Some stayed crouched against the dank wall all night. Some died there.

Conditions were as bad three hundred miles away in Osaka, the second largest and chief industrial city of Japan.

WITH the exception of Kyoto, ancient imperial city and the Buddhist capital, every city in Japan had been hit. This meant that the Church had been hit, because Catholic growth in modern Japan had been chiefly in the cities.

In one rural area Catholics were numerous. That was around Nagasaki, where whole villages were peopled by descendants of the converts made in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The greatest Catholic center of all was Urakami, just outside Nagasaki. And it was on Urakami that the second atomic

bomb had been dropped, killing eight thousand Catholics and destroying the largest Catholic church in Japan. "We didn't know so many of your people were there," one of General MacArthur's staff told me, months later. This loss of eight thousand members in one place was the greatest single blow suffered by the Church in Japan during the war. But the loss in buildings was grievous. Fifty-nine churches, nearly one-fourth of all the parish churches in Japan, were completely destroyed in air raids. Twelve Catholic secondary school buildings were demolished. More than one hundred other Catholic mission structures were destroyed or damaged.

Yet amid all this destruction you could feel the breath of hope in the cold air of Japan's first postwar winter. The cult of militarism, which had been crippling human rights and threatening the very life of the Church, had been discredited. Freedom of religion, such as had never before been enjoyed in the country, now prevailed.

This freedom came at the same time as an unprecedented questioning showed itself in the Japanese mind. General MacArthur said that "a spiritual vacuum" existed in Japan. It was a good phrase. Defeat had left millions of Japanese with a sense of utter disillusionment. Everything they had been taught to put their faith in—and theirs is ever a white-hot, total faith—had collapsed. Now the problems of human destiny were being forced on their attention with poignant urgency—and they had no answer. Their bewildered minds and anxious hearts were open to everybody who could offer an answer.

The answers, the philosophies, offered to the people of Japan were—and are—

ultimately two: Christianity and Communism. The Occupation, under General MacArthur, was striving to teach and establish democracy, but democracy is a product, a growth, a fruit. You can give people the taste of it, so that they like it and desire it. On the whole, the Occupation has done that well. But you cannot have democracy as a native thing until the root idea from which it springs is deeply implanted. That idea is the Christian idea.

THE Communists have been striving, with much zeal, to gain control of Japan. They have been more vocal, more demonstrative, and more aggressive than any other party. But they have also blundered badly. So has Soviet Russia, in its attitude regarding the Japanese prisoners of war and in its public lecturing, through the Cominform, of the Japanese Reds.

Any strength the Japanese Reds have possessed has its source in three facts. Men and women desperate with cold and hunger will follow anyone who promises relief, no matter how it is to be gained. Secondly, the spiritual vacuum in Japan has presented a ready-made opening for Communist theory. Thirdly, the nearness of Soviet Russia and of Communist-controlled China makes some Japanese feel that it might be good insurance to embrace Communism or at least make friends with the Communist Party.

In December, 1949, Sanzo Nosaka, one of the Japanese Communist leaders, told me that he thought the party membership was about 150,000. Soon afterward, the Government published the officially registered number of Communist party members as 91,000. Well-informed ob-



In Tokyo 5000 received Holy Communion when Australia's Cardinal Gilroy visited. Right: Girls rebuild Catholic school



servers doubt if the active membership exceeds 50,000.

After the war, the Christian answer to the question of man's destiny was sure of a more attentive hearing than it had ever received previously in Japan.

"To give solution to this troublesome question, I read both Bible and Marx," wrote a Tokyo university student to me, in January, 1946. "I hope some day I will receive God's charity and I am praying that the day will come near future."

But who was at hand to give the Christian answer to seventy million souls?

When peace came to Japan, the entire staff of the Catholic Church in Japan numbered about 2,540. Of these, only about 370 were priests, 160 of whom were Japanese, the rest foreign. Japanese Brothers numbered almost 190, with 80 foreign Brothers. Of 1,900 Sisters, 1,590 were Japanese. (Approximate figures.)

The total number of Catholic foreign missionaries, men and women, in Japan at the end of hostilities was therefore about 600, as compared with about 50 Protestants. The great majority of the Protestant foreign missionaries—mainly Americans and English—had been withdrawn by their Boards in 1940 and 1941.

The Catholic missionaries present in Japan for the first Christmas after the war were experienced: they knew the language; they had endured the air-raids and wartime stringencies like the people around them. They had stood their ground in the days of militarists. But they had been physically weakened. They were underweight, ill-clothed, ill-housed, ill-equipped, and tragically few for the need and the opportunity that confronted them.

"Not ten priests—send a thousand," said General MacArthur in December, 1945, when permission was first asked for priests to come to occupied Japan.

It wasn't as simple as it seemed, however. A near-famine of food and housing prevailed. Shipping was scarce. The Occupation authorities would allow nobody—outside army or army-accredited personnel—to enter Japan unless he had been there before and was assured of lodging and support. In practice, only missionaries who had worked in Japan before the war and belonged to a community still active in the country were allowed into Japan during 1946—and the first of these did not arrive until March.

IF MORE missionaries could not come at once, the next best thing was to make sure they would come as soon as possible. The Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Marella, and the bishops began a twofold quest: for more workers from those communities already engaged in Japan, and for more communities to accept missions in the country.

Bishop John F. O'Hara of Buffalo, N. Y., and Bishop Michael J. Ready of Columbus, Ohio, visited Japan in July, 1946, and brought back word of missionary openings and needs. The same news was given to Australia by His Eminence Cardinal Gilroy of Sydney and Bishop Thomas McCabe of Port Augusta after their journey to Japan in November, 1946. One result of their visit was the loan of fourteen volunteer priests from Sydney, Port Augusta, and Perth dioceses to the Japan missions.

By 1950 some 15 communities of foreign mission priests and 12 of Sisters had been added to 17 of men (Brothers included) and 32 of Sisters already engaged in Japan. The first members of the newly enlisted communities arrived in 1948, beginning with two St. Columban priests on the feast of the Epiphany. The following approximate figures show roughly the development in the foreign mission personnel in Japan:

Year	Priests	Brothers	Sisters
1945	210	80	310
1947	315	85	430
1949	453	92	593
1950	553	92	667

The total number, counting native priests, Brothers, and Sisters, is currently

PESSIMIST: One who, when he has the choice of two evils, chooses both.

about 740 priests, 197 Brothers, and 2,580 Sisters.

From the end of the war up to January, 1950, permits had been obtained for 1034 Catholic missionaries to enter Japan for permanent duty. About the same number of Protestant missionaries received permits during that period. (Actual arrivals to date have not necessarily been as many as the permits obtained.) Until 1949 the number of permits sought for Catholic missionaries slightly exceeded the others. In 1949—largely as the result of the changes in China—the figures (498 Protestant clearances as against 350 Catholic) indicate a greatly increased influx of Protestant missionaries into Japan. As Catholic foreign missionaries in Japan outnumbered the non-Catholic by more than 500 at the end of the war, they are still more numerous.

The increase in mission personnel has not had time to take effect in concrete results. Very rarely can a newcomer attempt missionary work until he has spent at least one year in language study. Even then he can make only a slight impression.

In spite of many visits from church officials and numerous surveys and conferences, Protestant mission effort in Japan since the war gives an outsider the impression of scattered fire at several

targets. No attempts at administrative co-ordination have overcome the inner disunity.

"I am ashamed to say that more than 50 different Protestant missionary bodies are active in Japan," one non-Catholic missionary said to me. The largest Protestant body is the "Church of Christ in Japan," the *Cristo Kyodan*, with 129,000 members under an all-Japanese governing body. This organization dates from 1941, when the Japanese Government forced some 34 Protestant denominations to amalgamate. Actually it is a federation of different denominations holding various doctrines rather than a united church.

AT PRESENT, eleven Protestant denominations are concentrating on a drive to raise ten million dollars to establish an "International Christian University."

Most of the Japanese Protestants are sincere, devout Christians, who really have no thought of "protesting" against anybody. Their religion is largely a matter of feeling, without much attempt at scientific theology.

The Catholic population of Japan was reported as 131,000 in June, 1949. The number is small, in a total population of 82,000,000. But the Church enjoys a prestige out of all proportion to the size of its membership.

Several events since the war have testified to that prestige while at the same time enhancing it. Impressive religious and civic demonstrations have marked the visits of Cardinal Spellman and Cardinal Gilroy, Bishop O'Hara and Bishop Ready. The twelve-day celebrations in 1949 honoring the four hundredth anniversary of the arrival of St. Francis Xavier attracted the reverent attention of millions of non-Christians.

One of the most notable developments in the religious history of Japan since 1945 has been the popularity of the Japanese edition of the *Catholic Digest*. Launched in May, 1948, it ran 100,000 copies in its January, 1950, issue. More than 70,000 of these must have been bought by non-Christians.

What has been the outcome of all of these trends and conditions in actual conversions?

Here are the figures. In each case they are the official total for the twelve months ending on June 30. The last statistics issued before the Pacific War are given first. They are typical of the prewar years. ("Under instruction" means learning Christian doctrine with a view to possible baptism.)

	Converts baptized:	Under instruction:
1941	1,713	2,752
1946	1,394	9,074

(Continued on page 79)

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

The World Needs Everybody

SOME YEARS AGO a friend of mine asked an aged Carmelite prioress in England what she thought the present world most needed and she answered, "Holy priests." She might, of course, have added "holy lay people." For, despite the fact that there are lay people who think the clergy must do everything connected with the work of the Church and also priests who think a layman's simplest suggestion is interference or his smallest criticism heresy, there are a great many of both who merely want to have the work of the Church, which is the work of God, proceed as successfully as possible with all hands helping.

Some of us have large tasks to do which take a great deal of time and leave little over for works of mercy, for aiding the sick or the poor or the aged or the foundling. But there is no doubt at all that the work of prayer is within the time allowance of any one of us. You can sit in a train and say the Rosary, for instance. In fact, on several occasions I have sat in a commuter's train beside a young woman with a rosary half hidden in her lap and watched the beads slip through her fingers. One of the pleasant sights of New York when one happens into St. Patrick's a little after five o'clock on a weekday is to see the girls come in after office hours to say a prayer. These latter, by the way, have an interesting way of carrying out the behests of the Church that the head be covered; many of them, in this hatless age and perhaps with the customary handkerchief crumpled at the day's end, put a glove on their hair. It was a bit disconcerting at first, but I got used to it. And I remembered the old Monsignor who said to a woman complaining that girls were going up to the altar with lipstick on their mouths that he paid no special attention to that: he was happy to see them there. One day he clinched the matter, when some eager delator came to him with the same complaint, by telling her the girl was a daily communicant.

No one is too busy, no matter how filled the hours, to find time for a prayer in that sanctuary which Saint Teresa said she had made for herself—a shrine in the heart.

Collective Unofficial Prayer

THERE IS, HOWEVER, something comforting as well as powerful about prayer in common, of praying together. For those who can find the time this is a wonderful way. In my own church the women's auxiliary has decided to try saying the Rosary together for peace. A group which met to discuss the method decided on a very simple one. Two women lead the prayers, one acting as leader for the Rosary prayers, the other reading the meditations which are those of the Mystery proper to the day.

On the first day there were well over a hundred present. The prayers have been going on for some time now and each day sees a good crowd assembled. On one day I noticed quite a few young girls there and mothers had brought their children.

Somehow, even though the world generally has the idea that our Catholic Faith is renowned for its great ceremonies—the Eucharistic Congresses, the ornate pontifical Masses, the picturesque processions—it seems to me that its basic richness and importance lies rather here in groups of ordinary people

with no echoing organ music, no fine vestments or swinging censers or gleaming lights. Those have their place, but we can do without them if necessary. The simple Mass is all we need.

So with these little groups at prayer. The simplicity of Bethlehem is in such groups meeting for prayer. But it is not merely a meeting place for people. It is a group come together where God actually is, to be one with Him in trying to help the world.

Years ago Sheila Kaye-Smith wrote a lovely little play on the Nativity, called *The Child Born at the Plough*, a play in which the ancient and the new were blended. The Plough was an English inn; the shepherds were men of the shires. There was one scene outside the stable where a homely, friendly conversation went on between the shepherds and the Angel of the Lord, arguments between the angel and those who were trying to crowd into the stable. The angel, the author said, was like Milton's "affable archangel," even sang a happy little carol and the shepherds joined in. Suddenly a small cry was heard from inside the stable. Instantly the angel's debonair mien left him; he dropped to his knees and said in a hushed voice to the surprised shepherds. "The Word—spoke."

God and Each of Us

THAT IS WHAT I mean. The simplicity of a little Child and in that Child the greatness of God—that is our Faith. And perhaps that is why I saw so much in that meeting of women come to pray for peace, in a little town much like many others through the land.

I felt as I listened to Our Lady's own lovely prayer, repeated over and over, the truth of the words of the Mass: "Let my prayer be directed as incense . . . the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice." That is all we need—to lift hands and hearts in prayer. For the world must be filled with the spirit of the love that is the Faith if it is to survive. The time has come when only a changed spirit can save a material world in a day when evil often looks like good, when tyranny looks like freedom, and hell is made to look like heaven.

When I grow despondent about the future and wonder if perhaps it is not too late already, I read again a paragraph of Maritain which I copied from one of his books long ago, sad words but infinitely reassuring: "The pitiable state of the modern world, a mere corpse of the Christian world, creates a specially ardent desire for the reinvention of a true civilization. If such a desire were to remain unfulfilled and the universal dissolution to take its course, we should still find consolation because, as the world breaks up, we see the things of the spirit gather together in places in the world but not of the world. Art and poetry are among them, and metaphysics and wisdom; the charity of the saints will lead the choir. None of them has any permanent dwelling here below; each lives in casual shelters, waiting for the storm to pass. If the Spirit which floated over the waters must now hover over the ruins, what does it matter? It is sufficient that it comes. What is certain at all events is that we are approaching a time when any hope set below the heart of Christ is doomed to disappointment."



"We got out of there fast. Phil and I stuck together and must have run close to a mile"

From The Ballad of Reading Gaol

by Oscar Wilde

*Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word . . .*

WHEN William Hazen found the body of his seventeen-year-old son slumped over the wheel of the family car, the questions began beating in his brain. Why did he do this? What drove him to it? Where have I failed him? The questions went unanswered as he sat reading over and over again the words of Philip's brief and unrevelatory note: "I'm sorry to do this to you, but I can no longer live with myself or with people." He continued asking

them ceaselessly as he went through the motions requisite to death and burial. He saw them reflected in the veiled curiosity that broke through the sympathy in the eyes of the people who filled his house before the funeral. He heard them in the speculative murmurs of the groups who didn't realize he was within earshot.

Trouble with a girl? Failure at school? A quarrel with his father? These were the guesses of outsiders, generalizing on the causes of schoolboy suicide. None of them had validity to those who had known Philip Hazen well. To the family's close friends and relations, his death was an unexplainable mystery.

Then the strangers were out of the house, the last rites were over, and

Philip's parents were for the first time alone. It was Thursday, the fourth day after the boy's death, and they sat together at the breakfast table, each pretending to eat, neither deceiving the other.

"You didn't sleep again last night, Will." Mrs. Hazen spoke after a long silence. "You must try to get some rest. You'll be ill."

"I'm sorry, Mary." He held his napkin against the corner of his mouth as if the pressure might steady his lips. "I'm not much help to you, am I? I should be giving you strength and courage. Instead I'm making you worry more. But I can't stop wondering. . . ."

"I know, Will. We both want to know why it happened. We'll always go on

Friends, neighbors, parents—none of these
could find a possible motive for young Philip
Hazen's tragic suicide. Can you?

by PATRICIA McGERR

Some with a flattering word

for him. But he didn't wait for her to speak them. Rising quickly, he moved to her side and laid his hand with awkward tenderness on her shoulder.

"Forgive me, Mary," he said. "You know I don't mean to hurt you. I felt for a minute that I had to strike at somebody. It's this eternal doubt. There must be some answer. If we could find it, maybe we could accept it and go on from there. You must know something. I haven't been as close to Philip as I should the last few years. When he was a little boy I planned it differently. I used to think about the places we'd go and the things we'd do together. But it didn't turn out that way. As he started growing up, he seemed to grow away. I guess it was my fault. I didn't take time to get to know him. Some place along the line we lost touch. But you're his mother. You understood him better. Surely he must have said something to you that would explain why he's gone."

"I've tried to think, Will. I've gone all over that week end in my mind. I've tried to remember everything he said, what he did, how he looked. But nothing comes back to me that means anything now."

"He could have come to me," he said dully. "Whatever he'd done, I'd have understood. Whatever he wanted, I'd have given him. Didn't he know that?"

"Something must have happened on Saturday." She drew forth the slender thread of her recollections. "He was perfectly all right when he left in the morning. That Thomas boy came by and they went off together. He didn't come home for lunch, but I think he was here for a while in the afternoon. I didn't see him

until dinner though and he was very quiet. I know I asked him if he was sick, but he just said he wasn't hungry."

"I remember," Mr. Hazen corroborated. "He excused himself while we were still eating."

"He came home early that night and went right to his room," she continued. "He didn't undress. When I called him Sunday morning he was lying on top of his bed with all his clothes on."

"He didn't undress," the man repeated. "Did you ask him why?"

"I thought he'd tell me if he wanted me to know. Otherwise he had a right to privacy. No, I didn't ask him."

"I didn't notice anything different about him on the way to church," Mr. Hazen recalled. "Afterward he talked a little about the sermon. It seems to me he didn't like it much."

"When we started home he said he had to see Mr. Converse. We dropped him off at the corner near his house. Then we drove home and you put the car in the garage." Her voice broke and neither spoke for several minutes.

"Converse might know," Mr. Hazen said finally. "He's been teaching at the high school for three years. Philip thought a lot of him. I remember he was always quoting him, bringing home his ideas. I guess in some ways he was closer to the boy than I was. Philip seemed mighty anxious to see him on

wondering. There doesn't seem to be any reason that we can find out, so we must try to stop thinking about it."

"Can you stop thinking about it?" he burst out. "Can you put an end to the knowledge that while he sat in his room writing that note, when he went down to the garage, closed the doors, and turned on the motor, during all the time he sat in the car waiting, there was something going on in his mind, some trouble he couldn't face, some help he needed and couldn't get? Can you stop wondering what his thoughts were? Can you put it out of your mind? Can you sleep nights?"

The tears that filled the woman's eyes were of pity for her husband. The words that formed on her lips were of comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. MAZOUJIAN

★ **FIRST PRIZE STORY** in Catholic Press Association short story contest. PATRICIA McGERR, author of five novels, is a graduate of the University of Nebraska with a master's degree from Columbia University's School of Journalism.

Sunday. Perhaps he talked to him about what was bothering him. Maybe he could tell us what was wrong."

"Perhaps he could," agreed the mother almost reluctantly. "You're probably right. We should find out the truth, if it's possible. And it's better not to put it off. Why don't you ask Mr. Converse to come and see us this evening?"

ACTION and renewed hope for an answer to his questioning brought a certain release to Mr. Hazen. When he left for work, after getting the teacher's promise to come in after dinner, his mind was almost free again. When he met young Bert Thomas a few blocks from home, he felt none of the sharp pain that had previously coursed through him at the sight of Philip's friends.

"Good morning, Bert," he greeted him gravely. "On your way to school?"

"Yes, sir." Bert was uncomfortably aware of his inadequacy to produce the polite phrases called for by bereavement, but he fell into step.

"I hope you'll drop in on us now and then, Bert." Mr. Hazen tried to put the boy at his ease. "Mrs. Hazen and I will be wanting to see young people about."

"Yes, sir," said Bert. He cleared his throat noisily and continued, "Look, Mr. Hazen, my father said I ought to tell you this. I just told him a couple of days ago, and he said maybe you'd like to know. Maybe it isn't important. Maybe it hasn't anything to do with—with what happened. But it's what we did on Saturday. Philip and I and the others. And my father said to tell you about it."

"I wish you would tell me, Bert," answered Mr. Hazen quietly. "I'd like very much to know what happened."

"Well, you know the new housing development over on Farragut Street and the colored family that tried to move into one of the places?"

"Yes, I heard about it." He came to the boy's assistance, since his words seemed to come with difficulty. "There was some kind of a riot and the man's eye was smashed."

"Yeah," Bert said. "Well, that was us."

"You mean you were over there?"

"We were the ones that did it. You see, it was like this." He began to pour forth the words in a steady stream. "Phil and I started downtown to pick up some camping stuff we needed. But we ran into Sam. Sam Andrews, you know. He and a bunch of the fellows were heading for Farragut Street. Sam said those folks were moving in and the whites around there weren't going to take it lying down and there was bound to be fireworks. So they were going over to watch the fun, and Phil and I decided to go along with them. Well, on the way, we kept running into other guys



Mr. Hazen found his son slumped over the wheel of the car

and told them where we were going and by the time we got there I guess there must have been about twenty of us."

"Then what happened?" Mr. Hazen prodded as the boy stopped for breath.

"Well, we got there and there wasn't much going on. The colored fellow had a truck in front of the house and he was carrying blankets and stuff in and there were a few people standing around on the sidewalk. But they were mostly women and they weren't doing anything. Just whispering to each other and watching the fellow. So we started razzing Sam about bringing us all the way across town on a wild goose chase and saying what the heck did he mean by fireworks and he got kind of riled. He said if we wanted to see fireworks, okay, he'd show us some and he started yelling at the fellow. You know how I mean, calling him names and saying what nerve he had trying to move in on white man's territory. The fellow didn't pay any attention to him, didn't even look our way, just kept carrying things into the house. That made us mad and the other guys started shouting at him too. I was calling out stuff and so was Phil. All of us were. About how the niggers were trying to take over the town and about the girls and how they wouldn't be safe in the neighborhood and what we'd do to him if he didn't get out of town. Just whatever came into our heads. I don't know who started throwing stones, but pretty soon we were all doing it. I don't know whether Phil hit anything. I don't even know whether I did. We weren't particularly aiming. Most of the rocks hit the truck. One of them broke a window in the house. Then one of them must have gotten the man, because he fell down and there was a lot of blood and a woman came running out of the house. I guess she was his wife. She had a little girl with her. Anyway, we got out of there fast."

"I see," said Mr. Hazen. "So that's what happened."

"Yeah, that's how it was. We split up in different directions. Phil and I stuck together and I guess we must have run close to a mile. We finally stopped in an alley and Phil was pretty sick. When that was over, he began talking about Sam. Said he should have been in Germany because he'd feel right at home as a storm trooper. Or down South so he could lead a lynching. Well, I said, if he did that we'd be right behind him. I guess I shouldn't have said that to Phil. I wouldn't have if I'd known. But heck, it was true. Sam started the thing but we were all in it with him. It was as much our mess as his. Anyway, I said we'd better not tell anybody about it because I figured my dad would cut up rough and I guess you would have too. So Phil said, okay, he wouldn't say anything. Then he said he was going home and left me there in the alley. I didn't see him again."

BERT reached the end of his story with relief and waited for the man's comment. But Mr. Hazen said nothing. He kept on walking as if oblivious of the boy beside him. Is that the reason, he was thinking? Was he afraid to face me, afraid of having me find out what he'd done? But surely it couldn't have seemed that serious to him. If he'd come and told me, I'd have understood why he did it. We've all been stirred up over this Negro housing setup. What made him think I wouldn't be on his side? We were talking about it at dinner Saturday. Philip was there. Did I say anything that made him think I'd be angry? He cast his mind back to the Saturday dinner table. It was toward the end of the meal that he'd mentioned the Farragut Street excitement.

"They scared off that family of blacks that was trying to move into the Far-

ragut Street house today," he remarked casually. "A bunch of young fellows went over and drove them away. I heard downtown that the man's eye was knocked out."

"Oh, how dreadful." His wife instinctively recoiled from the suggestion of violence. "Couldn't it have been settled peaceably?"

"You have to remember, Mary, you're dealing with subhumans," Mr. Hazen shrugged. "I don't believe in force either, but they don't understand anything else. They were asking for trouble when they tried to move into a white neighborhood and it's not a bad idea to let them know, once and for all, that they can't get away with it."

"I suppose you're right. They shouldn't have rented the house. But those riots are so dangerous. It's lucky no one else was hurt." Her son fidgeted and she noticed his pallor. "Aren't you feeling well, Philip? You've hardly touched your food."

"I'm not hungry," he mumbled. "Excuse me, please. I've had all I want."

He left the table and the house. His parents went on eating.

THERE was nothing in what I said that would make him afraid to tell me, Mr. Hazen assured himself again. If anything, I was on the side of the boys. He must have known I'd back him up. He became conscious that Bert was still walking with him only when they were joined by another boy. It was Sam Andrews. A year or two older than Philip and Bert, Sam had much more self-assurance.

"We were all mighty sorry about what happened to Phil," he said easily to Mr. Hazen. "I think he'd been studying too hard. He was always boning away at his books and he must have cracked under the strain. It sure was a blow to hear it, though."

"I've been telling him about what happened Saturday," Bert explained uncomfortably. "Dad said I ought to."

"Yeah? I don't see what it has to do with anything," Sam said grudgingly. "But maybe it does at that. Phil was always taking things seriously and he seemed pretty cut up about those niggers. He even hunted me up that afternoon and said we should take up some kind of collection for them."

"Did he?" Bert said. "It was pretty decent of him to think of that."

"Sure. Phil was a very decent guy," Sam conceded for his father's benefit. "But it was a screwy idea. Where would we get any money? I can't see my folks kicking in for a thing like that."

"Does your father know you were involved?" Mr. Hazen asked.

"Sure," Sam answered. "I told him as soon as he came home Saturday after-

noon. He was all for it. Dad's got property over near Farragut, and you know what would happen to prices if the coons started moving in. Of course, he was a little worried at first that I might be in trouble with the law."

"The law?" repeated Mr. Hazen. "Were you expecting trouble?"

"Yeah, that's why I told Phil he'd better not start any collecting. The cops were practically on our tail when we left the place. Some of us stopped a few blocks away and we saw a couple of them come up and pick up the nigger. I thought they'd seen us, but apparently we got a break on that, because now it seems to have blown over with no questions asked. But I told Phil that if he began monkeying around with money for the fellow the cops might get ideas and we'd all be in the soup. So he dropped it."

"I hadn't heard about the police," Mr. Hazen said. "I didn't think of an investigation."

"Well, I guess there won't be any now," Sam said cheerfully. "If there's anything else you want to know, I'll be glad to help you out. But we ought to be getting along now or we'll be late."

"Yes, certainly, go ahead," said the man heavily. "I've nothing more to ask."

THE boys left him and he moved slowly in the direction of his office. So that was it, he thought. Philip had been afraid of the police. That's why he slept in his clothes. He must have lain awake all night waiting for the sound of a footstep, trying to make some plan of escape. And when morning came, he couldn't bear the thought of arrest. God knows what he imagined would happen to him. Perhaps he was thinking more of us than of himself. Maybe he was trying to save the family from disgrace. Why didn't he come to me? Even if the police had been looking for him, I could have fixed it up.

Throughout the day, as he sat at his desk trying to readjust himself to the routine that seemed so alien after three days' absence, his mind kept reverting to the bleak thoughts of being one against the law that must have haunted his son during the long night before his death. We work to instill in our children a respect for law and order, he thought bitterly, and this is what it adds up to—a dread of the police and a distorted picture of crime and punishment.

He didn't go directly home from his office at the end of the day. Instead he walked over to Farragut Street and stood outside the small white house that had been the cause of the controversy. The place was deserted. A broken front window furnished the only evidence of the recent skirmish.

"Evening, Mr. Hazen."

His shoulders twitched nervously at being unexpectedly addressed. Turning, he recognized a truck driver for one of his clients.

"I read about your boy," the workman volunteered with gruff sympathy. "That was a damn shame. I was talking to him the night before, but I didn't know who he was till I saw the picture in the paper."

"The night before," Mr. Hazen repeated. "You mean Saturday night?"

"Yeah, I live a few doors down the street and I ran into him right here. I guess he came by to see the place where all the excitement was, but there wasn't anything to see by then. No more than there is now. We had a hell of a melee that morning though." He shook his head appreciatively. "But I missed the whole show. By the time I got home from work the cops had taken the nigger to the hospital and his wife and kid were gone too. None of them has showed up again, you can bet."

"So there really were policemen here," Mr. Hazen said. "Did you talk to my son about that?"

"Yeah, you know how kids are. Always want to know the ins and outs of everything. He thought they'd be looking for the gang that did it, but I soon set him straight on that. The cops don't miss a trick. They knew there'd be trouble here that day and they weren't far away. My wife said two of them came running as soon as the black was hit, so they must have been watching. But they gave the fellows a chance to get clear first. The cops know there's times when we citizens have to take things into our own hands and you can trust them to keep their eyes shut. Yes, sir, those young fellows don't have to worry about the law. That's what I told your boy. I remember he was looking kind of green in the gills. After I saw the story in the paper, I told my wife he must have been sick. We both felt mighty sorry for you."

"Thanks," said Mr. Hazen mechanically. "I appreciate it. Good-by."

I'VE pieced them together, Mary." He sat with his wife in the living room after dinner. "The bits and scraps of information I picked up. He couldn't have been afraid of me or of the police. It all comes back to that fellow Converse. He was the last person Philip saw."

"Don't keep trying to fix the blame, Will. It won't help." Mrs. Hazen had listened with few comments to the account of her son's day—his part in the riot in the morning, his attempt to make reparations in the afternoon, his return to the scene in the evening. Now she tried to calm her husband. "We know Philip thought he had done something wrong. He must have brooded over it

all night. If he had come to us, we would have understood. We could have made him see that it wasn't as bad as he imagined. But he didn't give us a chance."

"No," said Mr. Hazen fiercely. "He went to Converse. He needed comfort, reassurance, encouragement, and I can guess what that fellow gave him. He probably pulled out a lot of high-flown phrases about democracy and equality and denounced our boy for not living up to them. Philip went to him for help and he treated him like an outcast. That's what Philip's note meant. Converse made him feel that he'd cut himself off from decent people."

"He's a teacher, Will," she said gently. "It's his job to try to make youngsters better men and women than their parents. He's supposed to teach them principles and ideals. That's why Philip admired him so. That's why it was to him that he turned for advice. However much we want to ignore it, it's true that Philip and his friends acted in opposition to those principles. Mr. Converse felt he had an obligation to tell him how wrong he'd been. He didn't realize the state Philip was in. He couldn't foresee the effect it would have."

"I suppose you're right," Mr. Hazen conceded. "I only wish we hadn't taken Philip over there on Sunday."

"We couldn't have kept him away. Philip must have decided during the night that he had to tell Mr. Converse, because he mentioned it even before we went to church. And afterward he seemed terribly anxious to get to his house."

"Maybe the sermon had something to do with it," suggested her husband. "I didn't listen very carefully, but it seems to me it was the one about the good Samaritan. I remember, after we got in the car, Philip muttered something about its being nothing but platitudes."

"THAT'S right." Again she ransacked her memory for events that might have affected her son. "I remember the sermon now. I always admire the way Father Kent phrases his ideas. I thought it was particularly moving when he spoke about our being neighbor to the world. When he talked about the Hottentots, the Greeks, and the Esquimaux being all our brothers, I really wished the world's statesmen and diplomats could have been there to hear him. I can't see what Philip could have objected to in it."

"It was that part about being bound to love your neighbor, whoever he is, I suppose," Mr. Hazen said thoughtfully. "He must have felt that it was a personal thrust. Why in God's name couldn't Converse have given him the reassurance he needed instead of cutting him deeper?

I wish we hadn't invited the fellow here tonight. It's not going to be easy to treat him civilly after what he did to my son."

"We appreciate your coming here tonight, Converse." With his wife watching him apprehensively, Mr. Hazen greeted the teacher with careful courtesy.

"But, since I called you this morning, I've learned some things I didn't know and we've been able to figure this thing out for ourselves. But we don't hold it against you."

"Hold it against me?" The younger man looked bewildered. "I don't . . ."

"Now, Will," Mrs. Hazen laid a restraining hand on her husband's arm. "Remember we agreed . . ."

"I know," he answered. "I'm not criticizing. You did what you thought was right. But you should have noticed how troubled he was before you lectured him. You should have given some thought to the effect your words would have on him."

"I don't understand, Mr. Hazen. Do you think it was something I said that . . .?"

"It must have been. We know he was upset over that row on Saturday. Isn't that why he came to see you?"

"Yes," the teacher admitted. "We talked about that."

"And you made him feel like a criminal. He couldn't stand that. He had

• Psychology tells us what everybody knows in a language nobody understands.

reached the breaking point and he couldn't take any more."

"But I didn't," Mr. Converse protested. "I could see that he was pretty dejected and I did my best to encourage him. When I heard the news Sunday night I realized that it must have happened very soon after he left me. I went over our entire conversation word by word, and I'm sure there was nothing in it that could have added to his sense of guilt."

"Perhaps if you told us a little of what was said," Mr. Hazen suggested, "we'd understand Philip's feelings better."

"Certainly," the teacher agreed. "At first he seemed reluctant to come to the point. He'd just come from church, you know, and he began by talking about the sermon he'd heard. He criticized the preacher for dealing in generalities and distant situations instead of denouncing acts of hatred and violence that were going on right in his own parish. I'm not a church member myself, but I respect the beliefs of others, so I merely pointed out that the church has to deal

in universal truths rather than specific cases. It was after this discussion that he told me about the Negroes."

"And then you jumped on him," Mr. Hazen insisted.

"On the contrary, I tried to show him that he was taking the incident much too seriously. We've been having a series of lectures on citizenship and democracy at school and they'd left Philip's thinking a little muddled. He seemed to be trying to draw a parallel between the lectures and the Farragut Street affair. He accused himself of having broken all the rules he'd been taught to live by."

"What did you say to that?"

"I EXPLAINED that philosophical theories make good reading and talk, but they're not always applicable to everyday living. Equality and racial justice are fine goals, but no one expects to achieve them in this generation. I told him that we can hope for an eventual end to segregation and discrimination, but in the meantime we have to adjust ourselves to the world as it exists today, not to Utopian dreams. That means that there's a place for whites and a place for blacks. When a Negro tries to cross that line, he's asking for trouble. It's nobody's fault but his own if he finds it."

"There surely was nothing in that to upset Philip," Mrs. Hazen murmured.

"One thing he seemed to be brooding over was the Negro's family," the teacher went on. "He said he kept picturing the man and his wife and child starting out that morning—happy to be going to a new home but maybe a little apprehensive about the welcome they would find there. I told him he was letting his imagination run wild. He was looking at them as if he could put himself in their place. After all, they were Negroes. Their feelings are different."

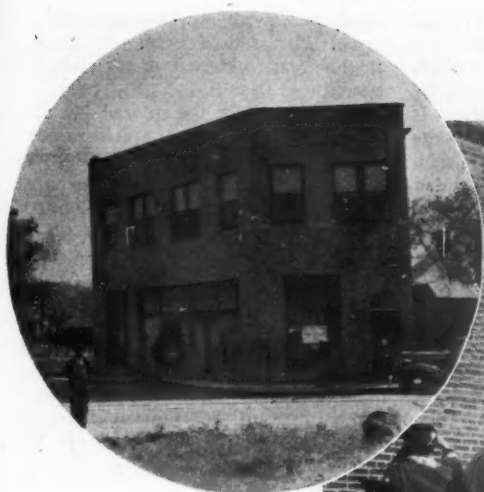
"Poor Philip," the mother sighed. "He was always so sensitive."

"I told him to go home and forget the whole thing," Mr. Converse concluded. "I assured him that all he needed was a good night's sleep. In the morning he'd see that he had thought so much about it that he'd distorted the picture all out of proportion to its importance. I think I convinced him, because he repeated my words about its being a very distorted picture and then left."

"Then you did reassure him. He must have seen that everything was going to be all right after his talk with you. But it couldn't have been long after that that he . . ."

Mr. Hazen stared helplessly at his wife and saw his own bafflement reflected in her eyes.

"Then why?" The torturing question was back with renewed force. "Why?"



Right: Dedication of new St. Mary's School at Fairfield, Alabama. Circle: Tuxedo Junction



Passionists in the Deep South

TWO steamers passed on the high seas of the Atlantic: one destined for Naples, the other for New York. On each ship there was a passenger eager to meet the other and to discuss an important matter. Bishop Thomas J. Toolen of Mobile was traveling to Italy for his *ad limina* visit. Very Reverend Boniface Fielding, C.P., Provincial of the Passionist Fathers of western United States, was returning from a General Chapter of the Congregation. This passing at sea delayed their meeting for a year, but when they met they both looked in the same direction—Alabama. Bishop Toolen invited the Passionists of the West to work among the colored in his diocese, and Father Boniface accepted.

At last Birmingham was to be the starting point for the Western Province of Passionists in their work for the colored—the “Magic City” as it is called, that in seventy-five years has mushroomed from a small whistle stop near rich coal and ore deposits into a teeming metropolitan area of well over four hundred thousand souls. Small wonder, then, that the Bishop said “Birmingham”; less wonder still when it is remembered that of this vast throng of people 48 per cent is admittedly Negro.

At infamous Tuxedo Junction, in the heart of the colored slums of Ensley, Alabama, the story began

by **LUDGER MARTIN, C.P.**

Yes, there was a Catholic church here for the colored—The Immaculata, under the care of the Josephite Fathers. It had been established, roughly, for about forty years. This small church and school was the only one for the colored in Alabama's largest and most populous county, Jefferson County. It was the only one, in fact, in the whole northern part of the state.

Father Cornelius McGraw, C.P., arrived in Birmingham on April 28, 1937, Feast of St. Paul of the Cross, founder of the Passionists. His task was to find a suitable place to open a mission. He stayed till June 21, becoming acquainted with the city and its segregated districts.

Father Arnold Vetter, C.P., was formally appointed by his superiors to start the long-proposed mission. He arrived January 10, 1938, and stayed at St. Paul's Rectory until he could find a place to call home. Sister Anthony Leonard, a Trinitarian Social Worker,

was most helpful. She had been working among the colored and knew the city and the Negro districts. It was she who suggested Ensley as the most neglected and therefore the most needy. Infamous Tuxedo Junction, in the heart of the colored slums of Ensley, became the focal point. Here an abandoned store building was leased. During Prohibition days this building had been the center of a bootlegging and narcotics gang and had been closed and sealed by the United States Federal Internal Revenue Office as being used for illegal purposes. Only by an order from Washington was it reopened for Father Arnold, now to be used for religious purposes.

A roof with a thousand leaks, windows smashed in, without a heating system, and heaps of filth and debris—this together with four walls is what Father Arnold bargained for, for one dollar a month. Elbow grease and strong backs soon changed this, and by February 12 things took on such an appear-

ance as to warrant the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time. A hall on the second floor had been turned into a chapel; twelve colored people were present, half of them Catholic and the others present partly through curiosity and partly through the grace of God.

Father Julius Busse, C.P., was now sent to the infant mission. A large task lay before him—to revamp the ground floor of the building into classrooms for a school; to convert rooms into living quarters for the missionaries; to do in fact, the thousand and one jobs that would turn a hovel into something that would have at least the appearance of respectability. With disregard for the terrific heat of an Alabama summer the work went on, and by September the first school of Holy Family Mission was opened. The Felician Sisters of Chicago Province gladly accepted the opportunity to take on the task of teaching the colored children who would attend; it would be their first missionary work for the colored. To Sister Anthony, the Trinitarian, goes the credit of rounding up about 150 children from the streets and almost literally herding them into the Holy Family Mission School.

Needless to say, there were signs of consternation and fear among the colored preachers. What was the Catholic Church doing among the colored? Why should it be so eager to come amidst their ranks? And, above all, why should white people suddenly be taking such an interest in them? Father Arnold became aware of a Protestant minister's efforts to thwart him at every turn. This colored preacher, besides spreading unfounded gossip and calumny about the priests of Holy Family Mission and the Catholic Church in general, was even trying to get up a signed petition of some sort to drive Father Arnold out of town. Father Arnold happened to meet him one day in the Post Office. "Reverend," he said to him, "you should know better than to think that you or anyone else can run us out." Apparently this encounter ended any attempt at organized opposition.

WHILE the Passionists had to be content for awhile with temporary quarters at Tuxedo Junction, they realized that permanent property and buildings would be necessary for the continual growth of the mission. Father Arnold finally bought a square block of property in a section of Ensley known as Tuxedo Park. Here, in 1940, Holy Family Church and Rectory were built—a good start for the mission, which would eventually have a modern elementary school and a small high school.

It seems that every new mission started becomes the converging center for the

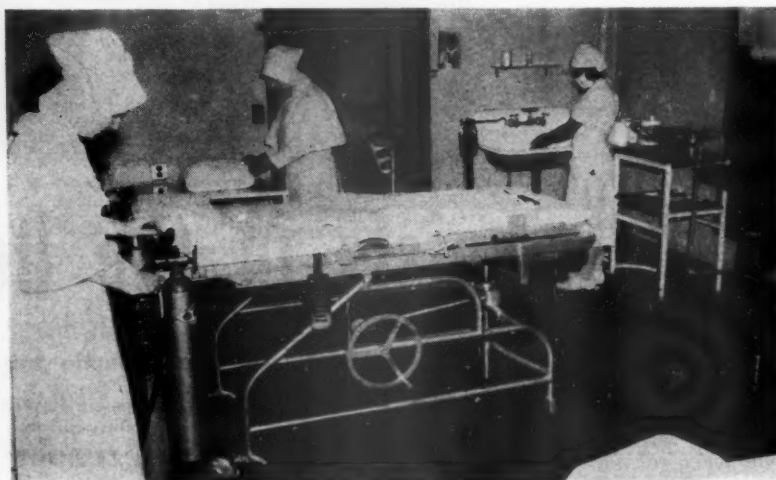
poor, the sick, and the maimed. Perhaps this is God's way of showing us that His message of "good-tidings" is for them especially and is His mark of approval on the work being done for Him. It reminds us of Christ's parable of the great supper made by a certain man for his friends; but when they would not come he told his servants, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in here the poor, the crippled, and the blind, and the lame." Such as these came to Holy Family Mission, and Father Arnold saw the necessity of adding to the ministrations of spiritual things, those of the body. He started a clinic.

Miss Rose Fitzgerald of New York City, a retired Army nurse, volunteered to be "the staff" of Holy Family Clinic.

ready here were now brought into the open. The colored poor who thought no one was interested in their ills had now found friends.

No hospital for the colored, no place where colored physicians and surgeons could practice the art of healing was a challenge. Efforts were made to secure the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth for the mission, to take care of the Clinic and eventually to build a hospital for the colored. At last, February 11, 1941, the three pioneer Sisters arrived.

The Clinic was now taken over by the Sisters. They received help in their ever increasing work from the Sisters and interns of St. Vincent Hospital. More than one pair of tonsils was lost at Holy Family Clinic.



The Sisters of Charity of Nazareth have charge of Holy Family Maternity Hospital—the only one in Ensley just for colored

Here was a good Samaritan who asked for nothing for herself but the privilege of helping the poor and the sick. Besides paying all of her own expenses and making more possible the building of Holy Family Church through her generous donation, she paid for most of the medicine for the poor. Many were the times that coal and food were delivered to the poor without cost to themselves. She was a familiar sight, in those early days of the mission, riding on her bicycle, visiting and administering to her "patients." The whole of Ensley's colored population knew and loved her. God bless her days!

But, with each of her ministrations, her tasks increased. The plagues of Egypt, as it were, descended upon Holy Family Clinic. Disease and sickness did not multiply, but the festering wounds and complaints which were al-

The Sisters had by now purchased most of the square block of property across from the mission property—the first step toward a real hospital for the colored. But a crushing blow was given to such hopes and dreams with the sudden outbreak of war on December 7, 1941. Building materials were "frozen" by the Government, and all requests for priorities from the wartime OPA were refused. No alternative was left the Sisters but to construct a temporary hospital out of the several old houses that were on their property.

Through lack of laboratory and X-ray equipment, the hospital was not approved for surgical cases but only certain medical and convalescent cases. However, the hospital began to function and its six beds were in almost constant use. For many patients, their stay in Holy Family Hospital was their first con-

tact with anything Catholic; and from such contacts converts were soon made through the grace of God that shone through charity. One old lady with a bad heart condition was instructed in Catholic doctrine during her long convalescent period at the hospital. She was a good old soul but a little weak in memory; when asked who were the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity, she invariably answered: "Sista' Alice Martha, Sista' Mary Albert, and Sista' Clarence Mary."

In time the Sisters realized that more good could be accomplished if their small hospital was devoted entirely to maternity cases. This seemed all the more true when it was announced publicly that Slossfield Maternity Center for Colored must close its doors for lack

church and rectory already dedicated, with the school still located at the "Junction," but with an ever-increasing enrollment and grades, the mission had a good start.

Why stop with one mission when the harvest was so large and ready for reaping? In this spirit the Passionists decided to open another mission in a district of Fairfield. A small frame church was dedicated March 21, 1943, under the title of Our Lady—St. Mary's.

The same year, several of the old houses on the mission property at Ensley were combined and out of them were made Holy Family High School, staffed by the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. After four years, with a grade added each successive year, Holy Family High became a full-fledged State-accred-

about 180. During the period in which the Passionists have been in the Birmingham district, more than 500 converts, children and adults, have been baptized in their missions. With all the material growth of the Passionist missions in the Deep South, the spiritual work, which necessitated it all, has gone hand in hand.

This short story of how the Passionists started their missions for the colored in the Deep South cannot recount the heartaches that accompanied the work, nor picture such things as chilblains and the like suffered from their inconveniences, nor depict the unseemly sleeping quarters of the pioneer Sisters at Holy Family Hospital, with their beds ranged round a pot-bellied stove for warmth. Such things, multiplied many times, were the hardships that were part and parcel of these "home" missions.



The joint commencement exercises of Holy Family High and Grammar School. There are about one hundred pupils in high school

of funds. Holy Family Maternity Hospital would now become the only place devoted exclusively to such an urgent need. In July 1946, the conversion was made, and at the same time the hospital was enlarged to accommodate thirteen beds, plus delivery and labor rooms. Since this date and to the present time, there have been 1505 deliveries, performed for the most part by colored doctors, under the careful supervision of the Sisters. (At the present writing, a city-wide campaign is endorsed by leading Protestant and Jewish leaders to raise funds for a general hospital at Holy Family.)

Father Michael Caswell has been appointed by his superiors to relieve Father Arnold, after the latter had worked so strenuously to put the infant mission on a good foot; indeed, he deserved a well-earned rest. With a

ited school—the first and only one in the city of Birmingham.

In 1944, through the good graces of Senator Lister Hill of Alabama, priorities were obtained for Holy Family Elementary School. This school, modern in every detail, was dedicated in October, 1945.

St. Mary's mission continued to grow and give wonderful promise. Through Father Edmund's hard manual labor and good carpentry, a convent was eventually built. The Franciscan Sisters from Joliet, Illinois, came to teach in the small elementary school that was started in the church itself and dedicated in March 1949. A hall was added in the summer of the same year.

Enrollments at Holy Family now average about 400, in the High School approximately 100. And at the present time, St. Mary's school will accommodate

DR. Mordechai Brown, President of Howard University, Washington, D. C., came to Birmingham in the spring of 1949 to lecture at Parker High School, largest colored high school in the world. In that address to a packed audience, he astounded his staunch fellow Protestants with the remark: "Go to the Catholic Church, with its culture, education and morals, and see that its arms are wide open to you." Yes, the Church is making vigorous efforts to show the Negroes that they are welcome in the Fold of the true Church of Christ, that they are also called.

How, you might ask, have the Passionist missions in Alabama made such strides in the few years they have been established? The age-old answer also applies here—the answer as to how the Church took root in early America, in China, in India, in Africa. Zeal for the missions is not dead in the twentieth century. The Faith that made France the great missionary backbone of the Church a century or so ago animates the good people of the United States. The apostolic labors of the Passionists are sustained by the good friends who see Christ in those who have been neglected. Like those who upheld the arms of Moses while he prayed to God, they have upheld the Passionists, both spiritually and materially, with their prayers and sacrifices. The widow's mite, the children's pennies of many CSMC Units, and the gifts of those who have been blessed by God with this world's abundance, all have come with their help, because they have the zeal and love for the missions that spring from a living faith. God bless them all and increase His Divine Love in their souls; increase too their zeal and ours.

The mustard seed planted in the Deep South has taken root.

AID FOR BACKWARD SPAIN



**Living in enforced isolation
because of a U.N. boycott, Spain
struggles for its very life**

• Though she escaped the ravages of the last World War, Spain still licks the deep wounds inflicted by the Civil War of the thirties. Her weary people contend with desuetude and backwardness that can be traced to centuries of unprogressive rule. However, much of the blame for her economic plight can be traced to enforced isolation.

The United Nations, though it admits numerous delegates from Iron Curtain countries, has arbitrarily excluded Spain from her assemblies. The result: Spain is unable to build her commerce and trade. Rich in minerals and other precious materials, Spain has much to bargain with, including a sincere good will and desire to take her rightful place among the family of nations.

When the U.N. boycott, which is based more on bigotry than reason, ceases to operate, then perhaps we will shortly understand the benefits that will accrue not only to Spain in her struggle to modernize but also to the world at large.

The Church has done much for education, but it cannot put tractors in the fields. Free nations of the world must extend fellowship and aid.



Carefully guarding his foot-powered sewing machine in the corner, this shoemaker repairs shoes over and over again. Finished manufactured products are rare.



People from the city slums wait for a bus to take them out to the country where they hope to buy food. Their diet is meager, and even water is considered a luxury.



Plumbing facilities in even the large cities are poor. The women still wash the clothes in streams. Drinking water is obtained from a central well in the city.



The school for gypsies in Sacro Monte is the most modern in southern Spain. It belongs to the Catholic Church. All classes are usually conducted in the open air.



A typical Madrid scene, with teen-agers spending a great deal of their time playing cards on the streets. Social service activities, beyond those of the Church, are nil.

SPORTS

by **DON DUNPHY**

Louis

By the time this appears in print, Joe Louis will be ready for his historic attempt to regain the heavyweight championship of the world which he voluntarily relinquished less than two years ago. His fight with Ezzard Charles at the Yankee Stadium the night of September 27 will prove or disprove, depending on its result, the old ring adage that "They never come back."

Others, notably Jim Jeffries and Jack Dempsey, great fighters also, have tried but failed to win back boxing's biggest crown, Louis, like his predecessors, in the attempt will be facing the same obstacles—advancing years and layoff rust. Whether or not Louis can succeed where others failed remains for Louis and Charles to decide under the hot Stadium lights.

Louis probably will be thinking of many things as he climbs through the ropes to face the younger and very competent Charles. He may be thinking of how arduous the training grind was and how glad he is that it's over. He may be wondering what kind of strategy Charles will employ. Or his thoughts may wander back to another September night just fifteen years ago.

That was the night Joe Louis, then a young, devastating puncher out of Detroit, faced his greatest test to that time. Undefeated, he had already disposed of Primo Carnera in a New York ring but now the undefeated heavyweight was to fight Max Baer. This was the real test.

Baer, touted as one of the greatest right-hand punchers of all times, had just lost the heavyweight title to Jimmy Braddock, but there were those who discounted that as an "off" night. Baer could take it too. In his seven years of campaigning he had never been knocked off his feet.

Everyone knew Louis could hit. The question was, "Could he take it?" Baer certainly would answer that question.

The first round was a tame affair, with Louis content to jab, jab, jab until he

had Baer's nose bleeding. The ex-champ did little but take it in that stanza.

The second round was almost like the first except that now Baer started to fight back. Joe's powerful left jab kept pumping into Maxie's face, but Baer kept lashing back with his right. He was wild with it, but his rooters felt that he'd soon connect.

Louis again opened up with that left hand in the third round, but Baer retaliated with a series of lefts and rights to the head. Baer tried to get rough on the inside, but Louis hooked back hard to the mid-section. Louis shifted to the head and smashed home a torrid right.



Ezzard Charles . . .

And Baer went down for the first time in his career.

Baer took a nine count, got up, and took another left that dropped him again. The count reached four and then the bell rang. Baer's handlers rushed out to get him back to his corner.

Baer answered the bell for round four, and Louis instead of trying for the kill calmly started to jab all over again. Louis took a hard left that Baer threw at his head. Joe fired back four straight lefts at Max's head. Now Louis stepped in quickly and landed a right cross. This caught Baer flush on the chin and he went down for the third time. Baer got to one knee as the referee tolled the count. But the ex-champ couldn't make it. He was counted out for the first time in his career. Louis had crashed the big time.

Fifteen years have gone by since that night and the wheel has come all the way around. Now Louis is the ex-champ trying to come back. Can he make it?

That of course is the question that Louis and Charles themselves will answer in the ring. They say about aging ball players that the last thing they lose is their batting eye. About older fighters they say they never lose their punch. The question is, can Louis land his punch on a speedy fighter like Charles?

As for Charles, it is up to him what kind of a fight it will be. If he elects to wear down Louis by staying away, hoping Joe will tire, it may be a dull fight, for Joe can be very, very patient when stalking his man.

If Charles elects to trade with one of the great hitters of ring history, it should be a whale of a struggle while it lasts with either capable of kayoing the other.

World Series

The World Series is almost upon us again, and since we're in a nostalgic mood in this issue let's roam back through the years to one of the most amazing World Series games ever played. It was the fifth game of the 1920 Series between the Brooklyn Dodgers and the

Cleveland Indians. It was an exciting Series that was preceded by wild disorder both on and off the diamond. The Dodgers were in their second fall classic, having gone down before the Red Sox four games to one just four years earlier. Cleveland had just won its first American League pennant, being piloted thereto by one of the all-time greats, Tris Speaker. But for awhile it seemed as though there mightn't be any World Series at all, or even any baseball. For, just before the end of the regular season, the famous Black Sox scandal was unearthed and it was learned that the Chicago Americans had thrown the previous Series to the Cincinnati Reds. But calmer heads prevailed and baseball continued the great sport that it is.

Uncle Wilbert Robinson was the Dodger manager and in those days, in deference to the pilot, the team was known as the Robins. Among the stars in his troupe were Zach Wheat, Burleigh Grimes, Ivy Olson, Al Mamaux, and Rube Marquard.

The Indians, besides Speaker, had Stan Coveleskie, Jim Bagby, Joie Sewell, who had replaced the fatally injured Ray Chapman near the end of the season, Jack Graney, and Larry Gardner.

Cleveland won the first game 3-1 with Coveleskie outpitching Marquard. Burleigh Grimes blanked the Indians in the second contest and Sherry Smith won the third game for Brooklyn, but Coveleskie came back to take the fourth game and the Series was tied at two all. Then came one of the most bizarre of all World Series games.

In this game Elmer Smith of Cleveland hit the first grand slam home run of Series' history. And, with two men on base, Jim Bagby, the Cleveland pitcher, banged a homer, the first ever hit by a pitcher in the classic. This put the Tribe ahead 7-0. Incidentally, Bagby is the father of Jim Bagby, Jr., who recently hurled for the Red Sox and the Pirates.

After the grand slam home run and the one by pitcher Bagby, the Cleveland crowd may have thought they had seen everything, but the real excitement was yet to come. The fifth inning produced it.

The Dodgers had been hitting Bagby hard but had failed to score. Bagby, by the way, was the nonchalant type of hurler. He pitched as hard as he had to. And this way of pitching had won 31 games for him during the season.

In the fifth inning he got in trouble. Pete Kilduff led off for the Robins with a single. Otto Miller followed with another hit, and there were men on first and second and none out. Clarence Mitchell, the pitcher, was the next batter. Bagby fired and Mitchell swung. The result, a line drive that seemed headed

for a base hit, but Billy Wambsganss, the Indian second baseman, leaped high in the air and came down with the ball. He touched second to double up Kilduff and then turned to fire to first. He didn't have to. There but a few feet from him was Miller who had come down the line from first. Wamby merely tagged Miller and there it was, the first unassisted triple play in World Series history.



... and the Brown Bomber

It was no wonder the Brooklyn spirit was broken. The Indians went on to take the best-out-of-nine Series five games to two, with Coveleskie wrapping it up by taking his third game. But that fifth game with its collection of Series' "firsts" was really something.

Our May Forecast

Annually the baseball experts make their predictions on the baseball pennant races in March or April, but come October the "picks" are forgotten, particularly if they don't turn out too good. Well, yours truly is going to get away from established custom and remind you of the way this so-called expert crystal-balled the races in last May's issue of THE SIGN. When this appears in print,

the pennant scramble should be pretty well straightened out and the winners should be just about emerging from the pack. So, at the risk of being second guessed by all and sundry, here is the way our 1950 pennant selections appeared in THE SIGN.

AMERICAN LEAGUE NATIONAL LEAGUE

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Boston | 1. Philadelphia |
| 2. Detroit | 2. Brooklyn |
| 3. New York | 3. Boston |
| 4. Philadelphia | 4. St. Louis |
| 5. Cleveland | 5. New York |
| 6. Chicago | 6. Pittsburgh |
| 7. Washington | 7. Chicago |
| 8. St. Louis | 8. Cincinnati |

As we go to press, the American League is a tense fight between Detroit, New York, Cleveland, and Boston. The Philadelphia Athletics turned out to be hopeless and the Indians were surprisingly strong. In the National, the Phils were in front and trying to shake off the Dodgers. How will it be when you read this?

Mickey Kelley

Remember Mickey Kelley, one of the fine little fighters of the prize ring in the 1920's? I ran across Mickey recently at the Columbia Farm Hotel at Hurleyville, N. Y. in the Catskills, and it was most interesting to reminisce and recall some all but forgotten names of the squared circle. Kelley, who is now a supervisor for Emerson Radio and Television in New York, was a top contender for the bantamweight title for many years but never quite succeeded in gaining the crown. His scraps with Frankie Jerome, Abe Goldstein, Johnny Buff, and Harry London are still remembered by those who saw them. Buff and Goldstein both held the title, and Mickey's scrap with the latter was a championship bout with Goldstein successfully defending.

His ring days over, Mickey Kelley joined up with the late Bill Brown at his famous health and conditioning resort at Garrison, N. Y. It was there he met Ben Knapp who was also a masseur and trainer at Brown's. Knapp is now the proprietor of the Columbia Farm Hotel, and, their friendship continuing, Kelley comes to the Columbia as a weekend trainer.

Mickey is not one of the oldtimers who is always harking back to the "good old days" and decrying the present state of the ring. He thinks there is much to be said for present-day boxers but he feels that they make a great mistake in paying so little attention to roadwork.

Asked about some of the most interesting fights he has seen since retiring, Mickey said he would have to go along with the first Joe Louis-Billy Conn battle of 1941 as one of the most exciting and interesting that he had ever seen.

Neither Juan's love nor Father Salazar's wisdom could release Carmela from her promise. There had to be a sign

by EVELYN VOSS WISE

the Sign

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

"BAPOR! Bapor!" the parrot called, and old Father Salazar awakened to another hot and windy Texas day. For a second he lay without moving, knowing that when he did so the nerves in his arms and legs would send out painful sensations of arthritis. For a second, as he had a thousand times in the past, he considered getting rid of the green and yellow parrot. She was as accurate as an alarm clock and far more persistent. He raised his arms slowly. When he was up he would like her again.

"Bapor!" the words were shrill.

"The water is not boiling," he called back, but only half-heartedly, for she would be satisfied now that she knew he was awake. She could hear every sound in his room.

For ten days the wind had blown across the newly plowed fields of the Rio Grande valley. At times the old priest thought that all of Texas was blowing into Arkansas, only to be blown back the next day, much of it into his small adobe rectory. And this year the wind had depressed him, adding to the troubles that were already his. So many people, he thought, and all of them wanting or needing something. So many new Mexicans to work in the fields or citrus groves!

"Buenas días," the parrot called again. "Buenas días, Padre."

He wanted to deny it sharply, but he knew that whatever words he used might come back to him, at unexpected times and with interesting additions. "Buenas días," he answered. He had learned to control his tongue before that parrot.

She sidled up to him, turning her head to the side and staring at him with beadlike eyes, as if to determine his mood. When he failed to reach out and stroke her feathers, she flew to the back of a chair and sulked.

"Pobrecita Lorita quiere comer," she said at last plaintively. "Poor little parrot wants to eat."

He paid no attention to her but finished dressing and went out of the door to the church, hurrying. . . . Hurrying to say Mass, hurrying back to have

breakfast, hurrying to be ready for the Mexicans who came to him with their problems! Always hurrying! He brushed his hand across his forehead.

He gave her bread and coffee a little later and watched her slip out of her own little door and fly into a tree when they heard a knock at the front door. She would chatter to him, but almost always she was as silent as a mouse when guests were in the house. Most of them

★★ **SECOND PRIZE STORY** in Catholic Press Association short story contest. EVELYN VOSS WISE is the author of several novels and has had short stories published by various syndicates.

never saw her, but she saw them and commented on them afterward. "Red-headed boy," she said in Spanish when she approved of man, woman, or child. If she disapproved, she used her only two words of English. "Damn fool," she said plainly and contemptuously and heartily. Long ago the priest had ceased trying to correct her.

He thought he was seeing an apparition when he walked into the room that served as office, waiting room, and living quarters. A girl of about seventeen or eighteen, the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, sat in the chair beside his desk. Her eyes were large and gentle, her hair smooth and dark, and her skin was like polished ivory. She was very slim, and taller than the average Latin American. But it was not entirely her beauty that stopped him in the doorway. Her clothing looked as if she had stepped from a picture, a picture out of the past. He glanced at his flat-topped desk, at the half-dozen straight chairs, at the electric heater, and the bare floor. He was not dreaming. The girl was real, but her dress was exactly that of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

"Buenas días," he murmured.

Soft Spanish words came in a torrent.

"Padre," she smiled, "you are won-

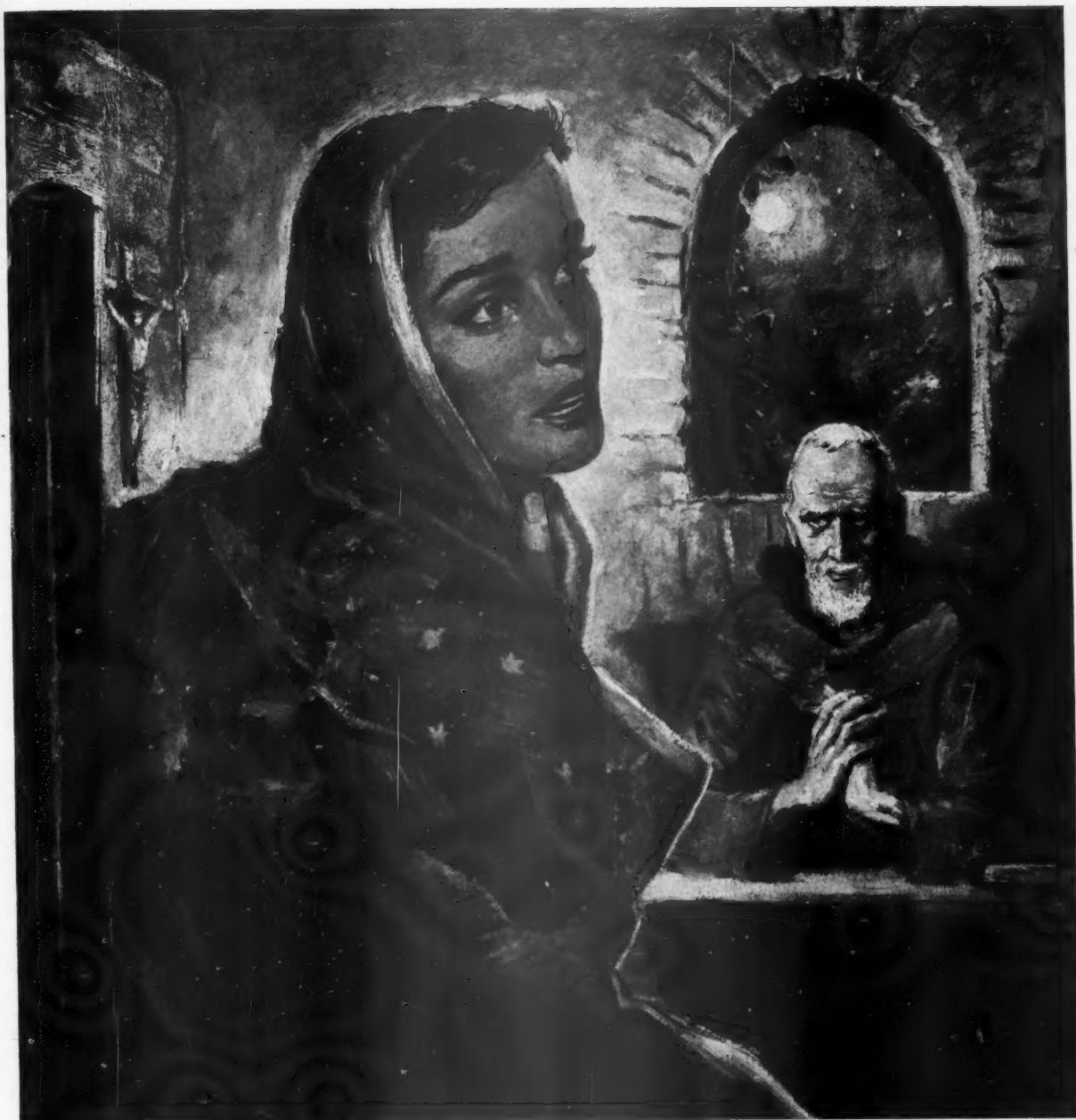
dering about my clothes. *Sí*, it is the dress of Our Lady. It is because of her." She touched her slim fingers to the brown cloth and leaned forward. "It is a promise, Padre. I promised her that if she would help us, my mother and me, that I would dress as she did, and then I would go into a convent. I would serve her for the rest of my life."

He drew up his chair and sat beside her.

"We were well off in Mexico until my father died," she began. "I went to school, and we were all very happy. But when he died, his brothers took everything from us. Most of it was land, and they said it belonged to them. They brought papers and lawyers to prove it. We could do nothing."

"And then you feared starvation and came to the United States," Father Salazar continued the story. He had heard it thousands of times, this tale of the "wetbacks," so called because they crossed the river under the cover of night to seek employment in a richer land. It was always dangerous. Time and again they were caught and returned, sometimes they were shot by the border patrols, and sometimes in the density of the brush they were robbed and murdered by their own people. The priest would not ask her if they were here legally—he was almost certain that they were not—and it was really none of his business. His business was to do what he could for her now.

But she forced it on him. "My name is Carmela, Padre." Her hands opened and closed as if she were reliving the past. "We sold everything we had. Little by little our pesos went. But all the time we were moving north, toward the United States," the last words were soft. "It was when we reached the border that I made the promise. If 'she' would help us across—such a little water between hope and despair, Padre—I would wear her dress while I worked for a year, until my mother was settled. And then



I would go into a convent and serve her for the rest of my life."

The priest looked at her intently before he looked away.

"You have no wish to be a nun, have you, Carmela?" He knew that she did not. It was one of those promises, made to oneself in moments of extreme emotion. A year would give her, and him too, time to think it over.

"I promised, Padre." Her lips were set. "I do not break my promises."

He would not argue. "I know a family," he said. "If you will help them in the house and with their children, they

will be glad to keep you for a year. They are Americans, but they speak Spanish."

It was a family who lived on a fruit ranch in the country. They would be kind and sympathetic, and he could depend on them to keep her away from the towns where her costume was sure to attract attention. Moreover, she was much too lovely to go unobserved. He decided to take her there at once, in his car. He suggested that she wait for him at the front gate while he went out in back to get the car.

Lorita was waiting for him on the

Her dress was exactly that of Our Lady of Guadalupe

limb of an ebony tree not far from the door. She had seen the girl, for she put her head to one side and gave a low wolf call. "Red-headed boy!" she said with emphasis.

Several months passed before the priest saw Carmela again. The fields of cabbages and carrots had been cleared and the earth worked over in preparation for the planting of cotton. This rotation of crops was his way of keeping track of time. "My goodness," he

would say to himself, or to Lorita if he were in the rectory, "my goodness, they are taking cabbages to the packing plants. Truckloads and truckloads have passed this morning. It seems like yesterday they were planted." At the same time, the corn pushed itself out of the pulverized earth to wave in the Texas wind. And these days he was constantly amazed at the new productivity, the business, and the rush of men in what not very long ago had been a dry and arid valley. That was why he had almost forgotten the girl in the costume of Our Lady of Guadalupe, thinking that she was safe with the Longworths in the country.

HE had heard from them several times. All Latin Americans loved babies, and Carmela, they said, was no exception. They described her as "a find." They could find no fault with her unless it was that absurd outfit she wore. They had bought her other clothing, dresses that would be most becoming to anyone so beautiful, but did the priest think she would wear them? She would not.

She was walking slowly toward the rectory with her eyes on the ground when he saw her. He hastened to greet her, feeling a pang for his own lost youth. There was something so very fresh and young about her. His hand went to the shoulder that ached with rheumatism.

"Carmela, I am glad to see you."

"Muchas gracias, Padre,"

She was in trouble. He knew the signs.

"I have seen Mr. Longworth several times, Carmela. They are very pleased with you. You are happy there?"

"Sí, Padre," Her big eyes met his and dropped.

"Sit down, Carmela. Tell me about yourself."

She seated herself and crossed her hands in her lap. "Padre, the little one, the one they call David, fell from a tree and broke his arm. No, it was not my fault, I was not even there. But I heard him scream and we took him to the hospital. The doctor put the arm in a cast and kept him there for three days thinking there might be other injuries."

"He is all right now?"

She nodded. "Padre, there is a young man there. Juan. He was in the American army, working in a hospital. Now he is in the hospital laboratory here."

"Yes, I know Juan. A fine young man. A very superior young man. He would be nice for you to know, Carmela."

"No, Padre." The words sounded panicky. "Oh no, Padre. You see, I do know him. He comes to see me. You must forbid it, Padre." Her hands twisted together. "He won't obey me."

Father Salazar remembered that prom-



He patted her and they went into the kitchen

ise she had made to herself. "But Carmela, you can be friends."

"Not with Juan, Padre."

He sighed. Nothing ever stood still. You thought problems were settled only to have them burst out in other directions.

"Do you love Juan, Carmela?"

Again she raised her eyes. "Very much. I must not see him again."

"But Carmela, don't you understand that you made that promise from fear, and fear alone. That Our Lady does not wish to cause you—and Juan too—suffering and unhappiness. That you would not be serving her if only half your heart were in it."

Her voice softened to almost a whisper. "I shall never forget those three days and nights, Padre. We could see the river from a little wooden hut, but we dared not cross it. There were only a few hundred feet between us and the other side, between starvation and hope. Our patrols were on this side, and the Americans on the other, all carrying guns. At night we heard their gunfire. People who were trying to escape as we were. All we asked was the right to work, to live decently. That right was measured by a few hundred feet of dry earth. It is called 'the border,' and rightly so, is it not?"

He nodded. How many times he had heard these words! How many times was he reminded that in spite of his own lifelong work, and that of many others of all faiths, there was so little true brotherhood of man.

"Our money was gone. Our guide had

demanding all that was left. There was nothing left for us except . . . except . . ." She looked down at her hands. "That is what I told her, Padre. If she would help us I would devote myself to her. I cannot break my promise."

"But many people pray they may get safely across, Carmela."

"We had no trouble. It was a very dark night and one called Pedro led us through the brush to a rowboat. We crossed and landed and he told us in which direction to walk. We were hardly scratched by the cactus and mesquite. We never lost our sense of direction." She drew a deep breath. "So simple a thing must be an answer to a prayer, Padre. I should expect retribution, terrible punishment . . . maybe my mother's death . . . if I broke my word."

IT was the priest's turn to look at his hands. He had believed he knew every problem in the world, but there were always new angles, new entanglements to old situations. And so this morning, as he had before, he would put his hopes in that greatest of all healers, Time. And he would pray.

"You promised to work for a year, Carmela. The year is not over yet."

"I have thought of that. I have one hope. If she could give me one sign. I would recognize it, Padre."

He smiled at her. In her conversation was the hope of youth and the wisdom of age. One moment she spoke with the simplicity of a child, the next, with the experience of age.

"Perhaps she will give you a sign, Car-

mela," he said, making an effort to reflect her hope. "In the meantime, be happy if you can. Do not make Juan suffer."

She left him and he continued to sit at his desk. It was as if the Lady of Guadalupe had brought these two together, for a finer young man than Juan did not exist among the Latin Americans. Like Carmela, he was tall and slender, a young man with an exuberant zest for living. Father Salazar liked to watch him move about on those occasions when he saw him on sick calls at the hospital. He liked to watch the young man walk with the lithe grace of an animal, see the proud tilt of his dark head, note the gentle way he had with his hands. Doctors and nurses trusted him and depended on him. He had been given a very unusual opportunity in the laboratory, and he was making the most of it.

LORITA had come to the doorway, but the priest did not stir. For once he would pamper himself with the luxury of daydreams. He was old enough, he thought, and foolish enough to dream, to dream that this romance would have a happy ending. But how? He could think of nothing. "Carmela and Juan," he murmured. "They were made for each other. There should be some way."

Lorita eyed him petulantly. If he were going to talk, she wanted him to talk to her. She showed her jealousy by making the sound of a cat. "Meow. Meow. *Aquí viene el gato* . . . here comes the cat."

He roused himself. "We have never had a cat and one is not coming now," he said severely. "What do you want?"

She had succeeded in getting his attention and she was happy. She half flew, half waddled to his desk and climbed onto his shoulder. "*Pobrecita Lorita quiere café*," she said, as if she felt very sorry for herself. "Poor little Lorita wants coffee."

"Very well, I'll get you your coffee." He patted her and they went into the kitchen.

He saw Juan on Monday when he made a hospital call. He was waiting in the hall and the young man came out of the laboratory door. One could tell nothing from his face, for like all these people he hid his real feelings behind a mask of indifference. His hair was brushed neatly back from his forehead, and his hands swung easily at his sides as if all his body had great elasticity and every muscle was in perfect co-ordination.

Because the Mexicans burst into song at all times and in all places, the priest was familiar with the modern tunes. He recognized this one and thought that in it he sensed a deeper than casual

meaning. "My darling, my darling," Juan sang softly.

Father Salazar raised his hand.

Juan came close.

"I'm in love, Padre. The most beautiful girl in the world."

"I am very glad for you, Juan. Bring her to see me. I would like to see you together." He dared not say more, not knowing what Carmela had told Juan about her call.

A shadow came over the young face and vanished behind impassive features. Someone called him, but for half a second he hesitated.

"Yes, Padre. Sometime I will bring her to see you."

Even so, there was fear in his voice. The priest watched him walk away. The problem was growing. Like a snowball it had drawn in Juan as it moved along. He, the priest, must do something. He must think of a way to bring these children happiness. He would talk to her again but he doubted . . . He brushed a tired hand across his forehead.

A month passed and then two. Carmela was thinner, and there were deep shadows under her eyes when she came to him again. It was a lovely, still night, when the stars were bright in the sky and the moon cast long shadows over the rectory garden. All up and down the valley the scent of orange blossoms filled the air.

"Padre," she began, "You are alone?"

"All alone, Carmela," he answered,



Happy Ending

► Some years ago, I was talking with Joe Hergesheimer, the well-known author, when a friend of mine approached and asked to be introduced.

"I want to ask you a question," he said to Joe, after the introduction. "How many words are there in a novel?"

This almost fazed Joe. "Well," he said, "that depends on the length of the novel. A short one could be 60,000 words . . ."

"Do 60,000 words make a novel?"

"Well—yes."

"What do you know! My book is finished!"

—Frank Case, in *Tales of a Wayward Inn*

"and very glad to see you. Come in and tell me how you are."

She took the same chair as she had at first, folded her hands in her lap and sighed. "It's Juan, Padre. He begs me to break my promise. And Padre, I love him so terribly."

"Yes, Carmela." He must choose the right words now. Words that would convince her that her promise was made out of desperation rather than desire, but his throat was dry and no words came either to his mind or lips.

"The year is nearly gone, Padre. I must do something."

He had believed that when he had time he would be able to think of something, but he was always busy and what was not immediately before him was pushed aside. He should have written a note to himself and placed it in the "urgent" pack, but he had not even done that. Age played tricks with one's memory. Time flew too fast. But this was not the moment to be philosophical.

She was controlling her tears but her lips quivered. She was looking to him for help, and he knew of no help beyond what he had already given her. It was the look of a dying person, beseeching, and bewildered when no human aid was given.

The silence was penetrating.

Suddenly it was broken. A voice came from the back. "Carmela and Juan," it said, "they were made for each other."

The girl started forward. Her face was white.

"You said we were alone, Padre?" Her hands were clasped together and she sat forward as if she might faint.

"We are, Carmela. It's only . . ."

She interrupted before he had said the last word.

"It's the sign, Padre. It must be the sign."

Perspiration broke out on the priest's forehead. He must tell her.

"Oh, Padre." She rose and grasped his hands. "Perhaps you didn't hear it, but I did. I heard it very distinctly. 'Carmela and Juan,' it said, 'were made for each other.' It was her way of telling me."

THE priest prayed Lorita would say no more. He led the girl to the door and as hastily as possible to the gate before the house. "Yes, Carmela," he agreed. "Go quickly and tell Juan. And my blessing on you both."

He watched her speed down the street and for a moment his conscience troubled him.

Lorita strutted through the doorway. "Red-headed boy," she cackled. "Hot spit."

The old priest looked at her musingly. After all, who could deny that it might have been the sign?

● October is Rosary month. Catholics all over the world attend special Rosary devotions and say the Rosary oftener and with renewed fervor.

Those who live near the smiling young lady on this page need no particular month to renew their devotion to the Rosary, because she keeps them Rosary conscious every day.

Rose McCann of Cleveland, Ohio, works in an office where the eighteen men and women all say the Rosary to Our Lady of Fatima every day. Rose checks up each morning to make sure. When anyone complains of a headache, one of her co-workers observed, Rose offers the Rosary instead of an aspirin. Asked if her employer objects, Rose smilingly answered: "Oh, he's one of us."

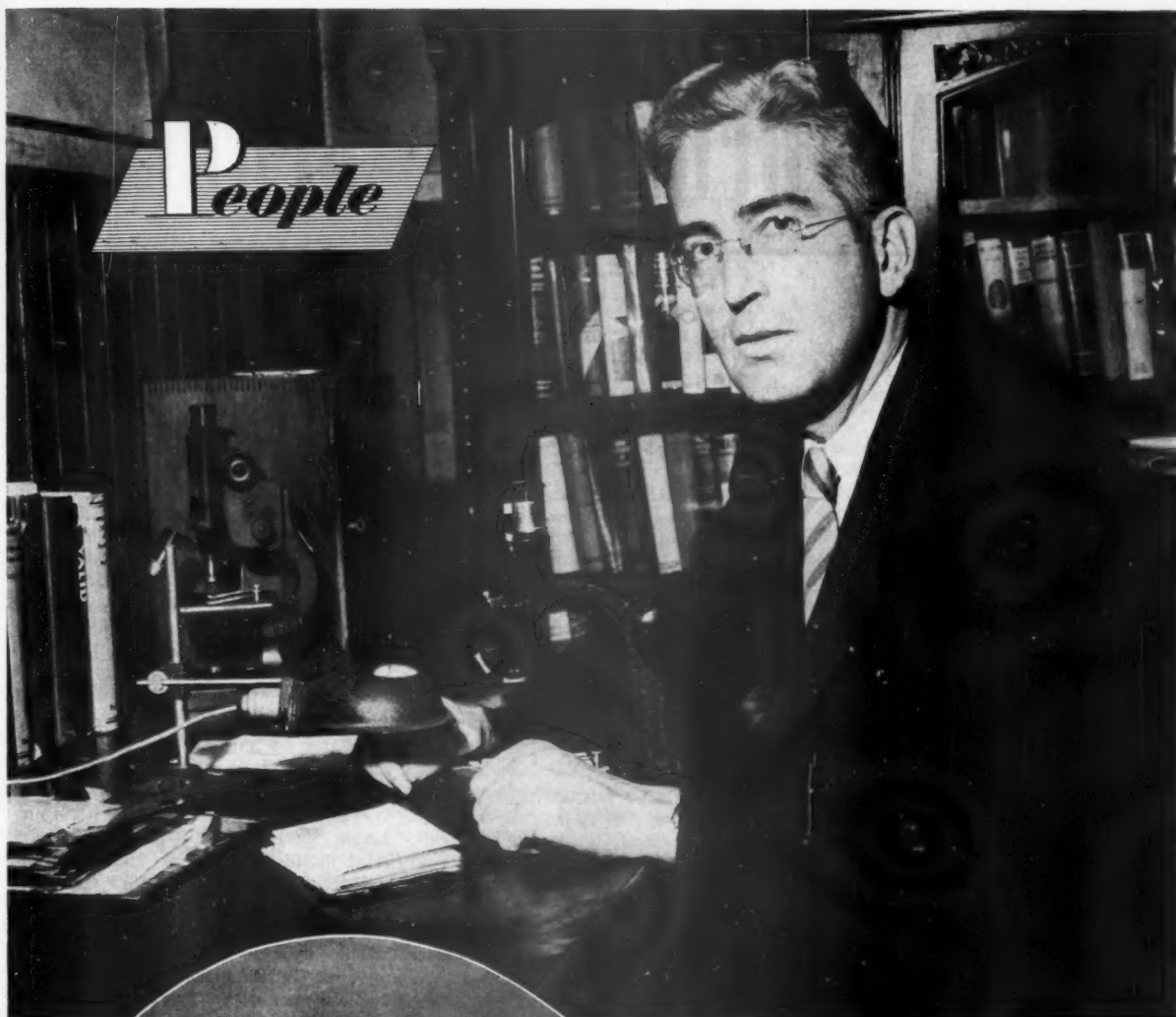
Rose keeps Rosary booklets in her desk and buttonholes everyone in sight and sells them on the idea. She has taught numerous non-Catholics how to recite the Rosary. Asked how she spreads the devotion, she replies, "I simply tell people about it."

She attributes her love of the Rosary to her parents who said it together with the four children every night. She gives special mention to her invalid sister who for thirteen years has been saying it day after day for others. Rose says one of her daily Rosaries in Mt. Carmel Church before returning home from work.

"Our Lady's Rose," as her friends affectionately call her, has a formula that we might all very well take to heart: "You can't miss with the Rosary. When you pray to the Blessed Virgin you're going to be heard."

Rose McCann is a very charming apostle of Our Lady of Fatima and the Rosary





James R. Cahill takes a reading on the Pathometer

• Though we all have the obligation to seek truth and justice, here is a Catholic gentleman who has sought it in extraordinary ways. He is James R. Cahill, new editor of *The Paterson* (N. J.) *Evening News*.

While covering a trial some twenty years ago, Mr. Cahill decided that a group of handwriting experts were definitely wrong. To prove it, he became a handwriting expert himself, learning the technique at a research laboratory of the New York Police Department. Down through the years he has specialized in "poison pen" cases, and many a person owes his reputation, and in a few cases his life, to Mr. Cahill's efforts.

He later studied under Rev. Walter J. Summers, S. J., at Fordham University, where he mastered the Pathometer (lie detector) which provides him with another means of helping the innocent.

Mr. Cahill, a parishioner of St. Agnes Church in Paterson, is one of the founders of the Notre Dame Club and a Catholic Action speaker.



All Brides are Beautiful

SIX in the morning. I'm still in half a fog. Didn't sleep too well last night. Fresh golden sunlight streaming in through the great church windows. Peaceful candles on the altar, and the white flowers, and the silver crucifix gleaming in the sun. And Carmen kneeling in the sanctuary, all in white.

All brides are beautiful. At least that's what we say when a girl marries a trombone player, or a certified public accountant, or a store keeper. It is said at every wedding. And this certainly looks like a wedding. Carmen in a floating white bridal gown, with a veil and flowers. And white silk ribbons marking off the front pews, which are reserved for relatives. And the high, sweet soprano at the offertory, singing Schubert's "Ave Maria." And the incense. . . Only Carmen is kneeling all alone. There is no groom. I guess that's why the women are crying. Carmen is so tiny—she's hardly five feet even with her high heels on—and she's kneeling all alone. But, if all the brides of ordinary men are beautiful, how beautiful is the bride of Christ?

It's funny. She entered Carmel six months ago, and when you don't see a girl for a long time like that she grows more and more beautiful in your mind, until finally you think: "She *can't* be that pretty! It must be my imagination." And then you see her, suddenly, the way I saw Carmen at six o'clock this morning, when the bells were ringing, and the organ was playing and she came down the center aisle in her bridal gown, blushing beneath her veil, with her head bent and her eyes fastened on the soft white carpet. It staggers you, like a hard hook to the stomach, because it's not your imagination at all. She was even more beautiful than I remembered.

Of course, she was bound to be more beautiful than the ordinary bride, because her sacrifice is greater. Beauty isn't in the straight nose and the arched brow—no, sir—it starts somewhere in your soul. The bishop has just said to Carmen: "What do you ask?" And she is answering, in a faint small voice: "The mercy of God, the poverty of the Order, and the company of the Sisters." Now they are leading her from the chapel, down somewhere into the depths of the convent, where she will take off the bridal gown, forever, and her hair will be shorn, forever, and she will put on the habit, the veil, and the brown sandals of Carmel.

The people are watching Carmen go, fascinated. The women keep looking at her hair. Sacrifice in the young is always terrific. When we get older we are disillusioned; we know exactly what we're worth; we know that if we gave our lives to God, we wouldn't be giving Him much. But this girl at nineteen is giving God not only all she is and has, but all her dreams. She doesn't know what she is worth, but whatever it is, she is giving it to Him—her body, her heart and soul, all her love, her talent, her time; she will give Him her life day by day, week by week, year by year, until her hair is white and she is old. No one can give more than that. It is all right for the women to cry.

Carmen will not feel the pain when they cut off her hair. She will not even notice when they roll that gown into a bundle and throw it in the corner. She'll only see the new brown robe, and the sandals, and the veil. She'll be in love with those. She'll be drunk with sacrifice. She'll come back in a kind of ecstasy. This is for her a high romance.

THE choir is singing something in Latin. High and sweet and small. The altar is beautiful, with sunlight and flowers and all the orderly candles, as orderly as a convent, and the whole place smelling like benediction.

Carmen is out a long time, but everybody is thinking of her. Nothing ever seemed so empty as that sanctuary with the bishop in it, and the priests over on the side with their breviaries open, moving their lips and not making any sound, and the empty kneeler, covered

with white satin, where Carmen ought to be. Sunlight gleaming on the tabernacle door, and it looks as if God is waiting too, like everybody else, waiting for Carmen.

In the pews we gradually slip off the kneelers, one by one, and ease back into the benches. All except Carmen's father. He stays kneeling, with his head buried in his hands. Carmen's mother is a strong woman, and proud, and she talks a blue streak, but I like the old man. Carmen's mother is whispering to one of the aunts and fanning herself furiously with a fan, and Carmen's father is talking to God. I bet God likes the old man too.

THIS is a tough time for parents. Even Carmen's mother, with her fanning and chatter, is trying to cover the pain. The trouble with giving a child to God is that He really takes her; He plays for keeps. Martyrdom might be easy—one bold, heroic stroke, one great stab of pain, and it's done. Dying for Christ is a gift, a reward; it's living for Him that hurts. The trouble with sacrifice is that it takes time.

Every morning her mother wakes up, and Carmen doesn't come to kiss her, and she remembers that the girl is gone. Her room is empty. It's clean. It would be a pleasure to see it all mused up.

The family sits down to breakfast, and her chair is empty. And her father thinks of all the years, when she was a baby laughing in her high chair, kicking and wiggling and being fed with a spoon . . . when she was three years old, with a blue bow in her hair . . . when she was eating fast, afraid that she'd be late for school . . . when she was a young lady and beginning to be careful of her dresses and her hair . . . her hair . . . and now her place at the table is empty, like the empty kneeler with the white satin on it, and Carmen is somewhere in the convent, putting on her sandals.

Even Carmen's mother. It's funny how you can talk loud, and bustle around, and smile at people with your teeth the way they do on a receiving line, and still love somebody. Coming down in the car yesterday Carmen's mother got tired, and when she was too tired to bustle anymore she said, leaning back into the corner of the car: "I was polishing the

Robed in white, with candlelight on her face, Carmen is a lovely bride. For if the brides of ordinary men are beautiful, how beautiful is the bride of Christ?

by BERT HATHAWAY



front room floor. And all I could think was: 'This is where she learned to walk. . . . And this is where she bumped her head.' Every time the clock strikes twelve I remember her flying in to lunch, and all the noise at the dinner table, and her colored raincoat on the kitchen chair. I keep opening the closet and looking at her clothes. Her first party dress. It was so sweet! And her first dance. And the first young man who called on her. And every time I go to bed I remember all the nights I helped her with her prayers, and tucked her in, and kissed her just before she fell asleep. . . . That's the thing that I hate most—that grille. She is my baby and I can't touch her anymore."

Did you ever see it? It's the thing that separates you from the "speak room." That's what they call it—the speak room. It always reminds me vaguely of prohibition. Well, the nuns are in the speak room and you are in there too, only you are separated by this grille. It is cast iron mesh work, with spikes on it. The spikes are about four inches long and they point toward you. The spikes are about four inches apart.

Physically that grille means nothing. What is a separation of four inches? But when I go into a speak room my hair stands on end and prickles run up and down my back, because the spikes are a symbol. I have a feeling that between the cloistered soul and me there is not four inches, but a great valley—a chasm, a gulf—when I speak across that four inches into the spikes and the black curtain, I feel that I'm on the edge of the Grand Canyon, calling across the gorge. . . . And maybe that's the way you're supposed to feel. You're not supposed to feel that Carmen is just another girl.

ONLY God makes up for the gorge too. They let me read some of her letters. God gives her a kind of genius for putting all her feelings into words. In her letters home her affection for her family bursts out just like a flame. Last year, when she was dancing around the living room, I'm sure her family did not love her as much as they do now, when she is just a voice behind the grille, a signature on the page, a bride up on the altar, a face behind a veil.

Everybody stirs, and even the old man

looks up. She's coming in. Carmen in brown, flushed pink, with a lighted candle. The candle lighting up her face. No veil across her face, at least not yet. She looked up once, a quick glance down the long white carpet, to get her bearings. No worry in the eyes. No fear, no anxiety—only a kind of breathless joy. Exciting, like her letters.

SLOWLY down the long white carpet, with a nun on either side. Candlelight on her face. O Lord, You do have wonderful taste! Beauty is in the soul, all right. Beauty is in the soul.

The scent of cedar as they go by. A fresh, clean, cutting smell, fitting with the altar and the flowers. The choir singing faster, stronger, more exultantly, a new cadence, a new song. Suddenly the sanctuary is filled, with Carmen in the center, kneeling at the altar. The bishop's hand in benediction, over Carmen's head, and the old voice singing prayers. The blessing of the scapular, the mantle, the cincture. And Carmen putting them on.

Now she's lying flat before the Virgin's altar, stretched out like a cross. Everybody stands up in the pews, trying hard to see. This is the offering, the oblation, the sacrifice. Carmen's life upon the altar. Carmen like a little lamb, stretched out on a block. Carmen offered up to God.

Take her, Lord.

All the sacrifice is not up there, Lord. It's down here in the benches too. The old man is offering all his love and loneliness and pain. The old man, and the woman with the fan, and all of us. Take her, Lord. With all our heart, we offer her to You.

The choir sings in ecstasy, a song to the Holy Ghost, a jubilant song, a song of triumph. Carmen lies still and does not move. Carmen praying. Carmen in the close embrace of God.

Please, Lord. Please take care of her. She is so young. Just nineteen. She can not foresee how little things can grow in a convent until one harsh word can ruin her whole day, a week, a year. She can not foresee the thousand small humiliations, the sudden spells of loneliness, the dejection, the weariness, the tears. No one day in the convent is difficult—You know that, Lord. It is the

succession of days, the months—at nineteen she cannot know the meaning of monotony. Time is the enemy of nobility! Time is the thing that wears you down. Please, Lord, keep her safe from time.

Give her, sometimes, peace of soul, like a white snowfall. Let her feel, sometimes, the sweetness of being pure. The great calm of sanctifying grace. The joy of living close to You. The glory of serving God. The sheer exultation of waking in the morning to realize that all is well, that she is giving You all she has and cannot give any more.

The bishop is saying a prayer. ". . . *paupertatem . . . castitatem . . . et obedientiam.*" Poverty, chastity, and obedience.

And Carmen lies as still as any lamb, with the candles flickering on the altar and the choir singing to the Holy Ghost.

POVERTY. She was always rich, Lord, her hands are soft. Take it easy on her. Lack of food, lack of sleep, lack of clothing, lack of comfort. . . . I hope it's true, what she said in her letters, that in the service of God happiness grows in inverse proportion to comfort. She said that You so made the women whom You choose that they must be doing something hard or they will not be happy. She said the harder the life of a nun becomes, the happier she is. I hope it's true, Lord. Please give her the grace to rejoice in hardship.

Chastity. I guess it's not the burden that the movies make it out to be. Certainly Carmen is not entering with a broken heart. She's not in love with any man. She is in love with You. Men—we're stupid, mean, cruel, conceited, selfish, small, our faults stand out on us like white spots on a leper—she was wise. She showed me the lines of the veiling ceremony, where the Sisters sing: "I have found Him for Whom I sought, for Whom I longed. I have found Him Whom I loved. Who, when He touches me, I remain pure. Who, when He em-

(Continued on Page 79)

THE *Sign* POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Objection Overruled

Personal religion has no direct bearing on musical talent. Hence I question your right, as editor of a column devoted to morality, to mention the religion of a musical entertainer.—D. D. C., SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

Your reference is to the July issue of "The Sign Post." What is pertinent, we quote in full: "We have no reason to think that the Negro entertainer, Lionel Hampton, is a Catholic. If a Mason, he is not a practicing Catholic. Masonry and Catholicity are incompatible."

We must overrule your objection as irrelevant. It was alleged by M. C. of Chicago that Hampton is both a Catholic and a Mason—an obvious incompatibility. But nothing follows, even by implication, as to the incompatibility of Hampton's musical entertainment with either Masonry or Catholicity.

We agree with you that a person has a right to make a living as an entertainer. Although we do not share your enthusiasm for jazz music, we gladly accept your assurance that the Hampton selections in your record collection are in no wise incompatible with Catholicity. One can be a thoroughgoing Mason, even a good Catholic, despite an addiction to jazz.

Barden Service For Catholics

Why does Congressman Barden not object to free transportation to Korea, for the graduates of Catholic schools? S. G., ANSONIA, CONN.

The Editor of "The Sign Post" admits being stumped by the un-American inconsistencies of the gentleman from North Carolina. Within the present year, it has been reliably reported in the press that in his home state government funds have been allocated to non-Catholic, denominational projects—and without protest from the very protestant Barden. Possibly Barden is psychologically allergic to Catholicity. An allergy is an idiosyncrasy.

Church Burial of Suicides

How can it be that in an open-and-shut case of suicide a Catholic funeral and burial are permitted? I am confused.—L. R., BROOKLYN, N. Y. *I don't like to think that politics have any influence in so important a matter but am inclined to think so.*—P. F., BELLEVILLE, N. J.

According to the Church's Code of Canon Law, all persons baptized as Catholics must be given ecclesiastical burial, unless deprived of it expressly by law (Canon 1239; 3). Under Canon 1240, the Code enumerates six classes of persons for whom Christian burial is proscribed, unless prior to death they have indicated an attitude of repentance. Among them are cases of *deliberate* suicide and those who die as a consequence of a duel. If, in any such case, there be doubt as to what is permissible, and if time permit, the matter is to be referred to the diocesan authorities for decision. Consistently,

when Christian burial has to be denied, so too a Funeral Mass is forbidden as well as any other public funeral service.

However, this penal sanction is so dire, both in its application to the deceased and in its effect upon stricken relatives, that it is not to be carried out if there exists any reasonable doubt as to the culpability of the deceased or as to the scandalous notoriety of his misconduct. The Second Council of Baltimore recommends: "In doubt . . . let judgment lean to leniency and mercy."

In this matter, Church Law is a psychological buttress protective of divine law; the penal sanctions that can be incurred emphasize the gravity of God's own Fifth Commandment. A person can be guilty of suicide, either negatively by neglecting the ordinary means of sustaining life or positively by recourse to some lethal agent. Euthanasia, incidentally, when voluntarily submitted to is a combination of suicide and murder. Self-murder or suicide is the direct taking of one's own life on one's own authority, despite the mandate of the Creator: "Thou shalt not kill." The duty of preserving one's life can be the weightier because of additional obligations—for example, to a dependent family.

It can be presumed reasonably that, aside from such cases as hara-kiri, most of the unfortunates who commit suicide are so harassed by fear and worry as to be mentally unbalanced and therefore irresponsible. Usually, there is corroborative evidence to that effect. The deliberation requisite for intentional suicide is not necessarily synonymous with moral responsibility. Hence, it should be comparatively easy to understand both the severity of the Church's penal sanction and also the charity wherewith that sanction is leavened in application to the tragic suicide. A balanced understanding of the law—not only according to its letter but according to its spirit as well—suffices to dispel confusion.

Since, generally speaking, circumstances justify the concession to the suicide of the benefit of doubt, there is no reason to suspect the influence of politics. If the suicide chance to be a prominent person, locally or nationally, both the tragedy itself and the leniency of the Church are publicized proportionately. To be objective and fair, one should appraise the consistency of the Church's charity reliably—from diocesan statistics, not according to journalistic fanfare.

Gifts to the Unmarried

Is it permissible to give gifts to a couple who are about to be married outside the Church?—P. L., ELKHART, IND.

By "marriage outside the Church," we generally understand an invalid marriage. The best gift to the couple would be to persuade them to be married properly, if a valid marriage be possible; if impossible, to dissuade them from a venture that is bound to be fraught with lifelong unhappiness for themselves and their children.

To present a gift to newlyweds, on the occasion of their marriage or of a housewarming is, at least implicitly, a token

of approval and congratulation. Congratulation is defined as the expression of sympathetic joy on a happy occasion. Obviously, a marriage unblessed by God is no occasion for congratulation.

It can hardly be contended that an attitude of aloofness will only beget a mulish attitude on the part of the young couple. In all probability, they will—unless dissuaded betimes—carry out their plans, whether in sulky stubbornness or encouraged by inadvisable gifts and congratulations.

Palmistry

When a person has his palm read and everything predicted comes to pass, to what can it be attributed?—M. F., FOREST HILLS, N. Y.

To accidental coincidence between prediction and events, or to unsuspected information coupled with clever surmise on the part of the palmist, or to diabolical agency. Palmistry is the interpretation of character or the foretelling of fortunes according to the lines and configurations of the palms of the hand. It is a form of superstition, in the case of those who take it seriously, whereby an effect is attributed to an inadequate cause and—at least in some cases and by implication—an accomplishment of which God alone is capable is attributed to a human creature. To have one's palm read, in a spirit of sheer fun—for instance, at a county fair or the like—might be harmless. On the other hand, a sharp prediction might become so much "fuel on the fire" in the case of a credulous person and lead, albeit gradually, to dire results. Palmistry is only one of very many forms of superstition. Even though there be no diabolical influence as an ulterior factor, any recourse to a superstitious practice tends to lessen dependence upon God's Providence and can be a more or less serious sin against the basic virtues of faith and hope.

Third Orders

Please publish some information about Third Orders.—A. S., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

In general, a Third Order is a group of laymen or/and women, affiliated with an original religious order of priests and brothers. Diocesan clergy may join a Third Order, the members of which are usually referred to as tertiaries. In some cases the holy founder of the original religious order founded also the tertiary affiliate. Such a group is specified as a Third Order, because in most, if not all, cases there is an intermediary or "Second Order," consisting of nuns or sisters living in community and under religious vows. For the most part, Third Orders are groups of seculars affiliated with religious communities and are classified more technically as Third Orders Secular. The few Third Orders which are organized as religious communities are known as Third Orders Regular.

The Church's Code of Canon Law describes officially the member of a Third Order: Secular tertiaries are those persons who strive to attain Christian perfection in the world under the guidance and according to the spirit of some Order, in a manner compatible with the secular life, and according to the rules approved for them by the Apostolic See (Canon 702). Persons who have taken temporary or perpetual vows in a religious community cannot at the same time belong to a secular Third Order. Nor may a person belong to more than one Third Order at a time, although for a sufficient reason he may transfer from one Third Order to another.

Most of the Third Orders date back to the thirteenth century. As indicated above, their objective is to diffuse the religious spirit of the cloister throughout the world and to share among members some of the spiritual opportunities of the "professional" religious. For candidates who seek admis-

sion, there is a period of probation corresponding to a novitiate in a religious community; members promise fidelity to a religious Rule of Life; they are entitled, at specified times, to wear the religious garb or habit of the original order and to be buried in the habit; they share many spiritual privileges and other benefits of the parent community.

Franciscan tertiaries are the most numerous—their worldwide total about 3,500,000, with well over 100,000 in the U.S.A. Other Third Orders Secular are those affiliated with the Dominicans, Carmelites, Augustinians, Servites, and Trinitarians. Equivalent to the tertiaries just listed are the Benedictine Oblates. For more detailed information, we suggest that you contact the nearest monastery or convent of the community in which you are particularly interested.

Real Presence

The idea of the actual presence of Christ in what you call the Eucharist is simply wonderful—if true. How do you Catholics explain your belief?—C. H., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

We recommend that you obtain a Catholic edition of the Bible and read carefully the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. You will find recorded therein a thorough revelation of the intentions of Christ, apropos of providing us with His own sacred Body and Blood as nourishment for the soul. It is obvious that He wanted to be and was understood literally. Couple with the reading of that promissory chapter the several accounts of the fulfillment of the promise—statements whereby Christ identified His Eucharistic Body with the real Body and Blood about to be offered in sacrifice. We Catholics simply believe that Christ was able to effect the marvel of the Eucharist—a miraculous ability which He had exemplified time and again—and that He meant what He said when He declared: "This IS My Body—This IS My Blood." The Catholic faith in the Eucharistic Real Presence is a simple matter and quite easy for one who has unqualified faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ.

Angelic Sinfulness

Does the Church teach that some angels had to spend some time in Purgatory? Is it possible that spirits be imperfect enough not to go to heaven, yet not bad enough to go to hell? If not, is it because of their nature as spirits or because there is no "second chance" in eternity?—F. M., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

The Church does not teach that any angels were consigned to Purgatory as a place of temporary expiation. From the instant of their creation, the angels were so perfect on the score of understanding and responsible freedom that they could not commit mere venial sin: their fidelity or infidelity to God was necessarily of grave moment. Aside from the unique capability of the angels for instantaneous, everlasting, and unqualified loyalty or disloyalty to God, the commencement of eternity—for any creature—marks the end of his period of probation or opportunity.

Despite their natural perfections and their superiority to humankind, the angels were not created as residents of heaven but as probationers. Being mere creatures, being intelligent and free, they had to merit heaven as practically as do we. But their period of probation was brief—they had but a single opportunity to declare for God or against Him; their reward or punishment was swift and irrevocable because of the dispatch wherewith they could and did decide.

For us it is somewhat difficult to understand how the angels could be so capable of eternal merit or demerit within an instant. However, we ourselves make allowances—in the other direction—for creatures that are irrational and for humans who are immature on the score of age or dullness. In training a dog or a horse, we are patient because the animal cannot

co-operate rationally. We make more allowances for the shortcomings of a child than of an adult because of the immature thoughtlessness typical of the child. We consider a sinful Catholic more blameworthy than a non-Catholic, just because the Catholic knows better and spurns more opportunities for unearthly help. Briefly, we apportion merit or demerit in ratio to understanding and intelligent freedom. As sheer spirits, the angels are unhampered by flesh and blood, are intellectual 100 per cent, and do not have to grope through a process of reasoning. Hence they could and did decide so expeditiously; hence, too, they did not deserve the consideration of another period of probation.

We must bear in mind, also, that the intellectual perfection of the angels did not render them automatically perfect in morality. Even angels, as mere creatures, were capable of moral defect: any and every created will—whether human or angelic—is morally defectible. The Almighty alone is incapable of such defection, for His perfect will is the sole, ultimate norm of what is right and wrong. Consequently, it was quite feasible for the angels to sin, but in so doing they were as guilty as only angels could be! "These sinful angels, forever after known as devils, had committed supernatural suicide. They were, from then on, supernaturally dead, as helpless to climb to the heights of the supernatural as a dead man is to scramble out of his grave. They had thrown away that participation of divine life which is sanctifying grace and were, henceforth, incapable of producing any work worthy of heaven" (*A Companion To The Summa*, by Walter Farrell, O.P., Vol. I).

Celibacy of the Clergy

Why does the Church insist upon celibacy for the clergy?

E. M., EL PASO, TEXAS.

By way of reply, one cannot improve upon the reason as stated by the Apostle Paul: "He that is without a wife is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God. But he that is with a wife is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife, and he is divided" (1 Cor.: 7: 32, 33).

Doctors of the Church

What is the difference between a canonized saint and a Doctor of the Church?—B. M., WASHINGTON, D. C.

By a solemn decree of canonization the Church declares with infallible reliability that a departed soul has attained heaven, and while on earth had been virtuous to a heroic extent, and can be looked to as a safe model for imitation. In this official and infallible recognition the dominant emphasis is that of holiness—a person is inscribed in the "catalogue of the saints."

Understandably, there is another category of eminent souls venerated by the Church for scholarship as well as sanctity. Notice that we do not say "for sanctity rather than scholarship," for while, on the one hand, not every saint is a Doctor of the Church, on the other hand, every Doctor of the Church is also an officially recognized saint.

The scholars of the Church are classified as follows: mere Ecclesiastical Writers, Fathers of the Church, and Doctors. The so-called, mere Ecclesiastical Writers were renowned, at least during a considerable part of their careers, for learning. However, because of a want of due sanctity, or of sound scholarship, or both, they were not thoroughly reliable. Examples are Tertullian and Origen.

The Fathers of the Church are those scholars of the early Church who measured up ideally to the requirements of eminent and sound teaching, personal holiness, antiquity—embracing the first eight or at most the first twelve centuries—and finally, the approbation of the Church. Among them

the Apostolic Fathers are those who were contemporaries or at least immediate successors of the Apostles.

The Doctors of the Church are not restricted to the first twelve centuries. St. Alphonsus Liguori, founder of the Redemptorists, the latest churchman to be so titled, was declared a Doctor in 1871. The unique characteristic of this group of saints is their preeminent scholarship. We might liken their approbation by the Church to a "canonization" as *scholarly* saints. All in all, there are officially twenty-nine Doctors of the Church, from St. Athanasius of the third century to St. Alphonsus of the nineteenth. As the best representatives of the Teaching Church, aside from the Vicars of Christ and the episcopal successors to the Apostles, they have come from the Church of the East as well as the West and from a dozen different countries. Some were priests; others, bishops; some were cardinals; others, Popes; both dioceses and religious orders have contributed their quota. Each Doctor has been a specialist and spokesman in some department of ecclesiastical learning—eternally renowned for unique scholarship leavened by heroic sanctity. As time marches on, the Catholic Church will continue to canonize saintly scholars and scholarly saints—the fruitage of unadulterated Christianity.

Sunday Work

In reading the revised edition of the "Baltimore Catechism, No. 3," I am confused as to what comes under the heading of servile work on Sunday. A hoe has a handle, but so have golf clubs and a tennis racket. I like to putter in a garden and prefer the hoe to the golf club.

—W. MC N., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Activities could be listed by the hundreds for classification as servile work or as diversion. If you have filed your "Sign Post," reread "To Knit or Not," issue of November, 1949. "Oftentimes, a balanced judgment as to what constitutes unbecoming work must be made on a relative basis. One man's 'bread and butter' may be another man's 'dessert.' For example, photography may be a livelihood business or a Sunday hobby. To putter in a garden, for exercise or diversion, would not be servile work."

You have quoted correctly from the *Baltimore Catechism*, but the text calls for interpretation in its application to concrete cases. Though farming, as such, would be servile work, your gardening would not be. Tinkering with a clock or a motor would not add up to mechanical labor. Even the farmer has chores as indispensable on Sunday as on any other day; so too, the garage mechanic, *et al.*

Catholic Divorcees

If in conflict with the Catholic religion, why does the Church tolerate divorce? Among my circle of Catholic friends, I know of quite a few divorcees.—A. O., STAMFORD, CONN.

From your letter, your understanding or misunderstanding of the Church's toleration is not clear. The Church does not, never did, never will permit divorce with a view to remarriage. "Undeniably, there are pitiable cases of hopeless incompatibility, and in those instances, the Church permits separation, and does the utmost to provide for the security of victimized children" (The "Sign Post," July, 1950). In order that separation be legitimate, the approval of diocesan authorities is requisite. Church law stipulates authorization for even temporary separation. If the separation be permanent, a civil divorce might be advisable because of legal involvements apropos of property, custody of children, etc. However, no legal gesture of civil authority can erase the indelible bond of Christian marriage. If the divorcees of your acquaintance have attempted civil remarriage, it has been done without the Church's approval or toleration.

College Football's Sideshows.

IF YOU think vaudeville is dead, then you'd better hie yourself to a major college football game some Saturday afternoon this fall and see what you've been missing. You'll soon find out that vaudeville is not only very much alive and kicking, but even more robust and rollicking than it was in Mom and Dad's heyday.

College football today has a twofold mission: to make money and to entertain the fans. This calls not only for a good team but for an equally talented group of entertainers for pregame and between-the-halves high jinks.

Today, when not occupied by the gridders, football fields across the nation are converted into huge stages, filled with marching bands, acrobatic cheerleaders, mascots, svelte majorettes, and many other attractions that help form extravaganzas well worthy of a Billy Rose or Sam Goldwyn trademark.

The between-the-halves program sometimes lasts only fifteen minutes, but often you see more action and deceptive maneuvers in that brief interlude than you do watching the actual game unwind for the whole sixty-minute period.

Be that as it may, each section of the United States has its own characteristic style of entertainment. In the East, you're offered songs and cheers that date back to the early days of the grid game.

Down South, pulchritude is the theme, featuring feminine cheerleaders and majorettes with twirling batons and snappy uniforms to match.

Move over to the Southwest, and you'll be right in the groove if you sing and sway to the red-hot rhythm of the swing bands.

Up in the Midwest, musical teamwork prevails as you watch marching bands play stirring songs and execute flawless formations that defy description.

And, out on the Pacific Coast, audience-participation is the football fashion, with the rooters in the stands putting on an amazing exhibition of card stunts.

Actually, cheering and intermission entertainment go way back to ancient days. Pre-Olympic Greek athletic festivals included performances by jugglers, clowns, and acrobats. The fact is, Yale's "Brekekekex" has portions that may be traced to the Greek playwright Aristophanes and his work, *The Frogs*.

Organized cheerleading, however, came into prominence in 1898, when Johnny Campbell of University of Minnesota showed what vocal miracles could



The coach and his team may get the quaint notion that the game is the thing. But a lot of people have other ideas

by DICK J. STEDLER

be wrought under the direction of a strong voice and waving arms.

But it wasn't until forty-four years later that another Minnesota yeller, Newt Loken by name, added a new twist to cheerleading by his amazing acrobatic antics. Loken, who captained Minnesota's gymnastic team in 1942 and is presently a physical education instructor at University of Michigan, executed a handstand on the crossbar of the goal posts, then hung a set of flying rings on that same crossbar and rendered stunts that made the fans realize that the crossbar had another purpose besides serving as a target for extra-point and field-goal booters.

Miss Rosa Hart of Lake Charles, La., holds the distinction of being the first of her sex to lead leather-lunged fans in the stands. Dressed in four layers of clothing, as was the fair-sex fashion in those days, she took her post in front of the Tulane University rooting section and proved to be a welcome attraction. That was in 1919.

Today there's hardly a college in the country that hasn't a bevy of attractive cuties directing the shouts of the spectators. Their attire is colorful, their actions are appealing, and their presence an inspiring addition to the spirit of the occasion.

In the early days, the prime function of a band at a football fracas was to sustain the enthusiasm of the crowd

and to be out in front of the victory parade. But, in 1920, the Illinois U. band augmented their repertoire by forming a "Block I," then combined singing and playing and marching, and later continued to set the pace by executing automatic letter and figure formations on prearranged musical signals.

Today when the Illinois band prepares for a show—and it's a similar situation with most of the major college bands—the spadework usually amounts to a thousand man-hours of planning.

Excluding long trips and uniform costs, it takes at least \$10,000 to support the Illini band each season. Uniforms alone, these days, cost \$10,000 and often higher. To take the band on a trip, say to New York, the expense runs up to at least \$20,000.

Credit for introducing the card stunts goes to the University of California rooters. Their innovation in 1908 inspired other West Coast colleges to follow suit with card tricks (no pun intended) and today U.C.L.A., Stanford, and Southern California, among others, extend their ingenuity to outdo each other in putting on intricate and breath-taking patterns.

Of course, the flawless manipulation of these card stunts isn't something that just happens accidentally. At U.C.L.A., for example, the stunts are planned weeks before the season starts. All drawings are made on graph paper. Then the rally committee prepares instruction sheets and orders the supply of 13 x 13 colored cards. Meanwhile, the cheerleaders and bands are indoctrinated on timing and co-ordination.

ACTUALLY there is no rehearsal, though it takes about two hundred man-hours of preparation. Arriving for the game, members of the school's student body find the cards tacked to their seats, and as soon as the half ends, the cheerleaders instruct the rooters in the actual manipulation of the cards. Then the program begins.

That's the rah-rah-rah story of your football extravaganzas that occur on hundreds of college gridirons across the nation every Saturday afternoon throughout the Fall. So, even if you may not like football for football's sake, the pregame performance and between-the-halves interlude are often worth the price of admission.

If you're still in doubt, then go see for yourself. You won't be disappointed. Vaudeville is far from being dead!

Radio and TELEVISION

by
DOROTHY KLOCK

Keeping the "Candid Camera" Candid . . . On Television

Allen Funt, perpetrator of the *Candid Camera* show on CBS-TV, isn't the man to weep on his audiences' shoulders. But, if he wanted to, he could tell them a heartbreaking tale of the frustrations, difficulties, and grueling leg work that go into finding and processing the real-life locations in which he conceals his camera and microphone.

First, Funt's full-time location scout submits some likely spots for him to choose from. Then the scout has to obtain permission for the use of the chosen place for the photographing and recording of Funt's interview with some innocent and unsuspecting by-stander, visitor, or customer.

Then a technician checks the acoustics to guard against unwelcome echoes and against interference in the permanent electric wiring the *Candid Camera* may have to tap for its sound equipment. But the most crucial consideration is to find an adequate blind for the movie camera and its two-men crew, and for the microphone which will pick up the voices of unsuspecting interviewees.

The next big problem is to install lighting that's bright enough for movie-making without arousing the suspicions of the innocent victim of all this masquerading. This is accomplished by using small clusters of standard 150-watt bulbs in the location's permanent lighting fixtures and introducing a booster-converter into the lighting circuit. This device raises the brightness of the ordinary 150-watt bulb to 750 watts. Occasionally, when one of Funt's human camera targets gets suspicious and asks why the place is so brilliantly illuminated, Funt dismisses the question with the casual explanation that he's trying out a new air-sterilization device. He makes it sound so technical that the questioner is willing to drop the whole matter right there.

The camera blind is usually so cramped that First Cameraman Arthur Florman, working at the back end of the camera, can't get around to the front end to manipulate his lenses and

settings. The second cameraman posts himself at the head of the instrument and takes whispered instructions from Florman. It is also his job to observe and relay to Florman the visual signals Funt uses to indicate "this is a take," "cut," "ready on camera," "give me a wide-angle shot," etc.

Funt shoots about 4,000 feet of 16-millimeter film a week, or five times as much as he uses on the program. The sound is recorded separately by a tape recorder. This gives him and his staff more freedom and speed in editing and producing the broadcast print.

By the time Funt has finished his location work he has well earned a long vacation, but he compromises for a half-day's rest. Then he's ready to move to the next location his scouts have been preparing the two preceding weeks.

Another Television "Here's How"

The new and improved CBS "Magnetic" system of television recording, employing magnetic tape for sound and 35mm negative film for the picture, has been introduced by CBS Television to make West Coast programs available to

eastern viewers by recording on film and tape. First placed in service in June, the new system is used to bring programs originating in Hollywood to the CBS Television Network, which now serves the northeastern portion of the United States and which this fall will be extended down the eastern seaboard as far as Florida.

The consistency and quality of both picture and sound of West Coast shows as seen in the East have been noticeably improved since introduction of the new method. Use of the negative film minimizes washed-out faces and practically eliminates the plaguing edge-flare of older film reproducing systems. And since magnetic tape is the best known method of recording high-quality sound, the sound track is free of extraneous noise and distortion.

The new recording process, worked out by the CBS General Engineering Staff, differs from the old system in several major respects. Previously, the television recording process required the making of two motion picture films, either on 16mm or 35mm, one for the picture negative and one for the sound track negative. A composite print was made from the two in perfect synchronization.

The new method uses a 35mm negative film and records the sound on magnetic tape. The negative is reversed electronically to a normal or "positive" picture in transmission when it passes through the television film camera. The film and tape are kept on two separate reels and reproduced on separate machines, a film projector and a magnetic playback. Exact synchronization of the machines as they are started and stopped is obtained by a complex servo-system.

Television Notes

Fred Allen and Eddie Cantor start their television careers on the NBC network early this fall in a one-hour program scheduled for Sunday nights at 8:00 P.M., E.S.T. Allen and Cantor will appear on a rotational basis with two other top headline stars. Thus, each will be seen every fourth week.

The Columbia Broadcasting System will broadcast television coverage of the top home football games of Army, Navy, and Columbia University beginning Saturday, September 30, and continuing for eight Saturday afternoons through November 18. Red Barber, Sports Director for the Columbia Network, will be the reporter for the games.

An Afternote on "The Family Theater"

Many months ago this department gave a thorough look and a whole-hearted nod in the direction of *The Family Theater* on the Mutual Broad-



Father Peyton and Ruth Hussey discussing "The Family Theater"

casting System network. This is the series which grew out of the idea of Father Patrick Peyton that top Hollywood stars would be glad to promote the theme that "the family that prays together, stays together." His untiring zeal in getting this fine series on the air and keeping it there has now become legend. The product of that zeal is still very much of a reality, and if you and your family are not devotees of the program give it a hearing. (At this writing, it can be heard on MBS on Wednesday evening at 9:30 E.S.T.)

Apart from the general merit of the series, the special reason for calling it to your attention once again is to point out the fine job being done by producer Jaime del Valle in selecting and preparing for radio the great variety of stories which are used through the broadcasting year to highlight the importance of family life. At first original scripts were used, but for more than a year now the gamut of story material has been widened to include dramatizations of famous short stories, novels, and legends, as well as the biographical histories of such outstanding personages as Phineas T. Barnum and Sarah Bernhardt. Seeking always to select material which points up the importance of good family relationships, *The Family Theater* has told stories from the pens of Bret Harte, Edgar Allan Poe, Anatole France, Oscar Wilde, De Maupassant, Longfellow, and Tolstoy. The Irish folk tale, "King O'Toole and St. Kevin" was given a hearing as was the German legend, "Germelhausen," on which the musical comedy success *Brigadoon* was based.

The Family Theater is a program which you, your spouse, and your children can enjoy together. And, along with the uplift to the heart, there might well be some stimulus in the direction of better and more selective reading when the dramatized works of the masters come into your living room.

For the Music-Lovers . . .

The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra will be presented by the Columbia Broadcasting System for its twenty-first consecutive season of Sunday afternoon concerts from Carnegie Hall, New York. The season will consist of twenty-eight weeks, and the first broadcast will be on Sunday, October 15 (3:00 to 4:30 P.M., E.S.T.). Dimitri Mitropoulos will serve as conductor and musical director of the orchestra. Bruno Walter, George Szell, Victor de Sabata, and Leonard Bernstein will be guest conductors. Franco Autori remains as associate conductor. James Fassett, chief of the CBS Music Division, will continue as commentator and host of the weekly "Green Room at Carnegie Hall" intermission feature.

A spiritual thought for the month



Dangerous Fatherhood

by WALTER FARRELL, O.P.

EVERY man images the divine fatherhood of God. Whether or not he marries and begets children, he is by nature a provider; his efforts, his thoughts, his love are bent to the task of fatherhood and are marked by the paternal characteristics of benignity, provision, loyalty, protection. A man, however, is not only a father, he is also a child and a creature of God; a child living under the protecting shadow of his Father's hand, and a creature living from moment to moment only on the sufferance of the Creator who gave him being. There is real danger of ruin in a man's concentration on the fatherly character of his nature, a danger that is met only by the counterbalance of his perpetual childhood and created insufficiency.

As a father, man plays the role of God and does the work of God in providing for others. Superiority comes easy to him. He readily sees his love in terms of the care he gives others, the gifts he brings, the dangers he averts. It may be extremely difficult for him to think of love in terms of dedication, of consecration, of surrender of self to the goal of unity with another; for, while all these too constitute giving, it is a giving of self, not of gifts. The role of father, with its air of superiority, can result in an enchantment with the role of God which makes unpalatable any slightest reflection on one's own independence and self-sufficiency.

These are not the peculiar temptations of husbands; the danger is much more universal than in the family circle. Just as every woman, by her very nature, is designed by God for motherhood, spiritual or physical or both, so also every man is made by the divine Architect for fatherhood, spiritual or physical or both. Whatever the state of a man, he will face the constant temptation to exaggerate his independence, to resent the help or superiority of others, to feed his soul on the gratitude of the ones to whom he ministers so royally.

The basic role of creature is the

most difficult for a man busy about the business of fatherhood. Here he is not wrapped about with reverence and thoughtfulness as is the child; rather the stern voice of justice makes demands which a man must fulfill or destroy himself. He must know his own nothingness in the face of infinite perfection; his own weakness before utter omnipotence. There is the awful wrath of God to be faced in the knowledge of divine justice; man's place in the universe to be acknowledged and observed.

Every man is a child of God in the fullest sense of childhood. His knowledge is as limited, faulty, and stumbling before the knowledge of God as an infant's before a father's knowledge. Man's dependence for life, food, housing, clothes, truth, and love is more complete than the infant's upon its father. Every man must be cared for, comforted, encouraged, reprimanded, forgiven, set right, and ultimately brought home from wandering paths. He is much more a trial to the patience, mercy, the benignity, the goodness, and long-suffering love of God than ever a child is to a parent. Of every man there is demanded, in greater justice, the honor and reverence which are a parent's due; no parent ever earned so full a claim to love, gratitude, respect, quick obedience, and unquestioning loyalty as God has earned of His earthly images in fatherhood.

It is these child's gifts to the parent that come most hardly to the human father in his apparently conflicting role of fatherhood. His children are more than a charge laid upon him. They are a constant unfolding of his own supreme role of childhood in the sight of God. The amusing, irritating, lovable, stubborn, inexplicable vagaries of the child which so consume his attention and twist his heart are God's constant reminders to a man of what he is above all else. God allowed men to become fathers that they might learn from the children how more perfectly to be the infants of God.

Books

ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES

By Ernest Hemingway. 308 pages.
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00

With his first novel in ten years, Mr. Hemingway again takes his place as America's foremost writer of sex. Using the impressionist's technique—short sentences, half-told ideas, scraps of sophisticated dialogue—he



E. Hemingway

tells a story with a Venetian setting of a middle-aged American Colonel, who served in both wars, and his illicit love affair with a teen-age Italian girl.

Italy and war provide Mr. Hemingway with convenient pegs for his satire on religion and social greed. Not that he goes into long tirades on either one. His way is rather to slur the Christian moral code and the foibles of war lords and profiteers through the actions and dialogue of his two principal characters, Colonel Richard Cantwell and the young Contessa Renata. War has made a mental and physical wreck of the once handsome Cantwell, and given only a short time to live he falls passionately in love with Renata, every novelist's typical Latin *femme*, romantically wicked and mouthing enough Catholicism to provide local color.

It is indeed unfortunate that Mr. Hemingway does not use his talent for great things. He has a peculiar gift for creating personality and mood which his publishers term "Hemingway magic." However, it is not the magic that uplifts, but rather submerges the reader under a load of malice and uncontrolled passion. To Renata, illicit love is "not a dirty trade. It is the oldest and the best, although most people who practice it are unworthy." And she plies it with the author's blessing.

Fundamental thinking along orthodox lines may be too much to ask of Mr. Hemingway, but the results might amaze even so jaded a taste as his.

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT.

OWEN GLEN

By Ben Ames Williams. 629 pages.
Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$3.75

This is the story of eight years in the life of Owen Glen, a boy of Welsh stock

in an Ohio town. Of his love of study, his labor while still half-grown in the coal pits, his soldiering during the Spanish-American War. But it is, more important, a picture of the growth of the Knights of Labor and United Mine Workers, of the layoffs and strikes, black-listing and poverty, the struggle of the miners of America to change their unbearable lot.

Owen, himself, is compared to his namesake, the great Glendower, and he is as valiant in his fight for his oppressed comrades.

It is also the story of this country three wartimes ago and more, of the days of Bryan, of Hanna, Populism, and the sinking of the *Maine*. Courage and self-sacrifice are its core. Dealing with poverty it is not sordid; with man's inhumanity to his fellows, it never loses sight of human dignity.

As a historical work or treatise on our folkways, it is welcome. But it is doubly welcome in that in the age of the fictional hero with the tortured ego and twisted mind, the morbid and self-pitying, the uncontrolled, it is a book of people who are brave and decent, and who through their endeavors rise, rather than sink into the morasses that engulf so many of our novelists' hapless creations.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

THE SPANISH GARDENER

By A. J. Cronin. 263 pages.
Little, Brown & Co. \$3.00

In proportion, *The Spanish Gardener* departs abruptly from A. J. Cronin's earliest books. It is a small-scale, though nonetheless powerful, piece, this intaglio of a man who is the frustrated victim of his own pride.

Harrington Brande had regarded his appointment as American Consul to the nondescript Spanish village of San Jorge as a stinging slap to his prestige.

But on arrival he found the sleepy coastal outpost not entirely lacking in advantage: there was the "superior" butler Garcia, who intuitively supplied his physical comforts; the rambling old estate which was put at his disposal; the



A. J. Cronin

pleasant, tangled garden, where his delicate son Nicholas might be expected to improve in health.

So he engaged the open-hearted Catalan youth José Santero to restore order to the land, scarcely dreaming that the peasant gardener would deal the final crushing blow to his self-importance. For, gradually unfolding to Nicholas the delicious wonders of a natural, wholesome childhood, José stirred the little boy's response as the Consul never had. The dawning realization that he might be superseded in his son's affection played venomously on Brande's egotism; on the pretext that there was something evil in the association of the youngster and his servant, he instigated a chain of tragedy that destroyed the threat of the gardener but in consequence separated Nicholas from him entirely.

In the unhappy person of the Consul, Mr. Cronin has created a scoring example of the debilitating effects of supreme selfishness. Symbolically, the cold war between Brande, with his intellectual and material snobbery, and José of the pure and gentle spirit parallels the opposition of the modern world, seeking its panacea in quack psychiatry, to the ideal life as it was preached two thousand years ago.

LOIS SLADE.

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF WILLIAM FAULKNER

Random House. 900 pages. \$4.75

There is a melancholy among the best of the writers of the South that differentiates them from the writers of other regions of America. Like Ireland, a country that is too green for growing, the South also has an abiding affliction and writers have come to a greater maturity than elsewhere in America.

William Faulkner is one of the best of those writers, but he needs to be commended with care. On occasion he shows a preoccupation with sexual maladjustments that would be more becoming to a wanton boy than to a mature and sensitive writer, and sometimes his writing becomes as turgid and as dull as he must have felt when he was doing it.

In this book of selected short stories, all of which have been published before, there is some of the very best of Faulkner. *Barn Burning* is as typical a Faulkner story as possible, yet a bucolic humor lightens the story that follows it, *Shingles for the Lord*; and while the flames that burn the barn in the first story are far more terrible than the flames that destroy the Methodist chapel in the second story, in the writing Faulk-



W. Faulkner



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A plenary indulgence has been granted to anyone who helps by prayers or contributions to promote Hiroshima's Crusade of Prayer. Information can be obtained from

Rev. Hugo Lassalle, S. J.,
Franciscan Adoration
Monastery
4108 Euclid Avenue
Cleveland 3, Ohio

ner illumines a way of living that is as real as fire.

There are some good stories about British fighting men of the First World War, in which the young Faulkner served in the Royal Air Force; and one of these stories, *Turnabout*, about the Royal Navy, deserves far greater recognition than it has yet obtained. The favorite of the anthologists, *A Rose for Emily*, is also included. But none of them are new. All of them have appeared before, so that the price, even for nearly a thousand pages of Faulkner, is rather too much.

W. B. READY.

CATSPAW

By Mary Borden. 313 pages.
Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.00

The veteran novelist Mary Borden has attempted a *tour de force* which does not quite come off, although her polished style and long familiarity with writing technique sustains her through the work.



M. Borden

Catpaw is the story of the Communist drive to control a small country in eastern Europe and is told through the eyes of a "planted" secretary, a Communist who is assigned to spy on a prominent member of the old nobility who is used as a front man by the Communists until their coup. The latter had become a legend during the war, organizing a free legion, fighting with the R.A.F., and returning home to his tragic country with his beautiful, wealthy, and devout young American bride.

Miss Borden has been quite close to the highest figures on the international scene since Versailles. Each one of her characters rings true, for she knows her diplomats and politicians well. Indeed, she knows them so well that you are convinced that, with a few shifts here and there, the novel is really the fictionalized story of how Czechoslovakia fell.

To tell the story through the eyes of a gradually disillusioned Communist was an innovation. Perhaps that fact restrained her from showing too much understanding for the heroic character of Father Zatec (read "Archbishop Beran"?), and for the Catholic Faith of Isobel, the American girl. Or perhaps the world of literature, diplomacy, and the international set handicapped Miss Borden in her attempt to get into the character of Alex, the Red secretary. A good attempt, but somewhere lacking in conviction.

JOHN O'CONNOR.

TUDOR UNDERGROUND

By Denis Meadows. 365 pages.
Devin-Adair Co. \$3.50

The hero of this tale of persecution in



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by Alan Keenan, O.F.M.

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THE COMMON MAN

by G. K. Chesterton

None of these articles has been published in book form before, and very few of them have been published at all in this country. The subjects range from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to what would have happened if Don John of Austria had married Mary Queen of Scots, and even Chesterton can't range much farther than that.

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by Msgr. Ronald Knox

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Elizabethan England is Hugh Rampling, a young gentleman who has difficulty shaping his conscience to fit both his career in the Queen's secret service and his "Romish" faith. The Faith ultimately triumphs, and Hugh aligns himself with Jesuits Edmund Campion and Robert Persons in their underground apostolate. Thus the hunter becomes the hunted and we have matter for a novel of vast scope and significance. But the author shuns anything so ambitious, concentrating rather on a modest book that rarely probes sub-surface.

Those who like a novel to spread out more will bemoan the lack of deeper characterization and fuller description, a fault which renders the turning point, the hero's complete conversion, a little unconvincing. The conversion occurs while Hugh is performing St. Ignatius' "Spiritual Exercises," a project undertaken as a forfeit for losing a swimming race, and pursued with apathy. But at the meditations on Christ's Passion Father Persons husbands all his prayerful eloquence and wins. The author disappoints, however, in failing to develop the eloquence.

Later Hugh hears Mass, not in the Sarum rite he's used to, but in the Roman. Since the writer troubles himself to mention this the reader feels cheated of some illustration of the difference.

Tudor Underground is also somewhat short on real excitement, despite an eventful plot. It does, however, move steadily. Also Mr. Meadows' eager sympathy with religion and the Catholic cause makes his book stand out agreeably in a flood of period novels that tend to go off key morally.

LOUIS A. MOORE, JR.

NEW STAR IN THE NEAR EAST

By Kenneth W. Bilby.
Doubleday & Co.

279 pages.
\$3.50

Here is a welcome departure from the run-of-the-mill, biased accounts of the establishment of the new Jewish state in Palestine. Mr. Bilby, who spent two years in the Middle East as correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune*, has produced a model of journalistic objectivity.



K. W. Bilby

Under the queer conditions existing in Palestine when the fighting broke out, he was able to cover the war from both sides—with the Arabs one day, with the Jews the next. His account of military operations has unusual depth as a result.

Perhaps the best tribute that could be paid to this book is to say that neither Arabs nor Jews will find full comfort in its pages, because the author mercilessly exposes the frailties and shortcomings of both sides in the conflict over the Holy Land.

By the same token the book is obligatory reading for everyone who wants to know the true story of the Arab-Jewish war and its consequences. Palestine, and indeed the whole of the Middle East, occupies a geographical position of such strategic value that the historic events which have occurred there may easily have consequences beyond their immediate importance.

He warns that the Arabs have not reconciled themselves to the existence of Israel and may resume the fight at any moment. This is a conclusion with which anyone who has spoken to Arab leaders



Wasting His Breath

▲ Newly arrived in the small town, the young doctor found that his patients were few and far between. After a few days, he decided on a little scheme to impress his importance upon those who came seeking his services. As the next patient ventured into his office, the doctor picked up the phone and carried on the following one-sided conversation: "I'm sorry, but I have so many patients coming in today that I can't possibly arrive at the hospital to perform that brain surgery until eight."

He hung up the receiver and turned to his visitor.

"Now, what is your trouble, my good man?" he inquired in his best professional manner.

"I have no troubles," replied the bewildered visitor. "I just came in to hook up your telephone."

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LEONARD J. SCHWEITZER.

RIVER AND EMPTY SEA

By Louis Vaczek. 372 pages.

Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.50

This first novel is a hard adventure story of physical and mental struggle. In 1670, Paul Denys is commissioned by Quebec's French Colonial Intendant to find an uncharted way from the St. Lawrence to Hudson's Bay. With a Jesuit missionary, a *voyageur*, and some Indians for companions, he barely survives a year in the wilderness but accomplishes the undertaking. Returning to Quebec, Denys finds that his grim experience has induced an inability to acknowledge authority or to assume obligations to anyone but himself. This causes him to turn to a life of primitive existence.

Not a historical novel in the popular sense, this is the two-fold tale of an individual's conquest of nature and of himself. Overcoming the wilderness and adapting himself to his surroundings is Denys's first struggle, readapting himself to the society of family, country, and church is the other. Fiction written around such basic conflicts requires good, full characterization as the indispensable ingredient; and herein the two main characters, Denys and Fr. Abanel, are fully developed. Other characters either fail or fade in development; this causes portions of the book to be dull.

Although clearly written with an easy style, this is not "light" reading. Certain episodes are outstanding; for example, when Denys is threatened with excommunication he visualizes what his and his family's life will be like. In this reviewer's opinion that bit of writing should be anthologized. TOM HURLEY.

TWO LOVELY BEASTS

By Liam O'Flaherty. 274 pages.

Devin Adair Co., Inc. \$3.00

With a few exceptions, including the title story, this book is not so much a collection of short stories as of sketches both deft and delicate. O'Flaherty is a master with a finely observant and sympathetic eye for people, animals, and places, while his mind is equally sensitive to the moods of the tempestuous Irish temperament and the poignantly beautiful Irish landscape. The "steepling ropes of white waterfalls on the mountainsides and the ghostly light on the high stone peaks when the sunlight strikes them through a wandering cloud" evoke familiar pictures for anyone who has lived in this lovely island.

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Translated by Denis Fahey, C.S.Sp.

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O'Flaherty's native Aran, where the living is so spare and the earth so barren that only spirit keeps the people going. The grimness of the struggle for mere existence and the sacrifices entailed if one is to rise are the real theme of *Two Lovely Beasts*.

Colum Derrane, through the ill-fortune of a neighbor, acquires a bull calf of wine-dark hide and decides to rear it with another "lovely beast" of his own on the milk of his one cow. Though his usually dominating wife declares it against the law of God and the people, Colum lets his own six children go hungry as well as three neighboring families who usually share his milk, while for two years he raises two champions for the market. Possessed by his idea of rising above his circumstances, he wins his wife and whimpering children to his side with a combination of ruthless severity and tender persuasion. Meantime, he is himself transformed from a rather timid man to one who has learned to ignore the jeers of his neighbors, "with his pale blue eyes staring fixedly ahead, cold and resolute and ruthless."

"Melancholy and enchanted" are the words O'Flaherty's flute player uses to describe the Irish scene. They are equally applicable to this author.

NORAH MEADE CORCORAN.

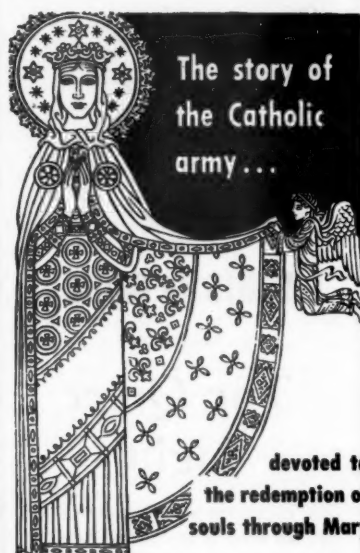
ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

By Omer Englebert. 352 pages.
Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.00

Another volume has been added to the already numerous volumes on the life of St. Francis of Assisi. This present work, however, is not a run-of-the-mill production, for the good reason that, besides being a well-documented treatise on Christ's most imitative student, it is extremely well-written.

Abbé Englebert has successfully pictured St. Francis as a man of peace second only to the God-man of Peace, Jesus Christ. The ideal of St. Francis was perfect imitation of Christ. Living during a time when every major town was a fortress and every neighboring town a possible enemy, Francis strove valiantly for a peace based upon the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of his fellow men. The author has judiciously selected stories from the *Little Flowers*, *The Three Companions*, and other sources to illustrate Francis' search for that peace of soul which he desired all men to possess.

Though Francis was ever good and holy and ever set a noble example, his struggle for peace and perfection was not an easy one. He met with opposition within his own soul, within the Order which he founded, and within the Church. Abbé Englebert has written an able and fairly conservative interpretation of these conflicts, especially of the conflicts that arose within the Franciscan family. It must be remarked, how-



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ever, that to date, though there have been many Franciscan saints within the three branches of the Order Friars Minor, there has been only one St. Francis.

FREDERIC PETTY, O.F.M., CONV.

THE CHRONICLES OF AMERICA

Yale University Press. \$2.25 each.

The New Deal and World Affairs.

By Allan Nevins. 332 pages.

The United States in a Chaotic World.

By Allan Nevins. 252 pages.

War For the World.

By Fletcher Pratt. 364 pages.

These three additions to the Chronicle of America series should be hailed with more fanfare than they probably will receive. For, in an age that has witnessed an increased interest in the nation's history, these volumes serve a most useful purpose.

War For the World, by Fletcher Pratt, gives a dispassionate if somewhat technical account of the complex effort which ultimately brought the Axis Powers to their knees. Mr. Pratt, one of America's leading military analysts, tells the story from the attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941 to the unleashing of the first atomic bomb over Hiroshima four years later. Few will disagree with his conclusion that the Allied victory over the Germans and Japanese was mainly technological.

The United States in a Chaotic World



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► English Conservatives are telling about the loyal Labor Party supporter who delighted Sir Stafford Cripps by writing him most eloquently that he was completely satisfied with all the food restrictions and other austerities which the Chancellor has imposed on the British people. Sir Stafford immediately wrote back, inviting the man to make a speaking tour of the country. In the mail he received the following polite response:

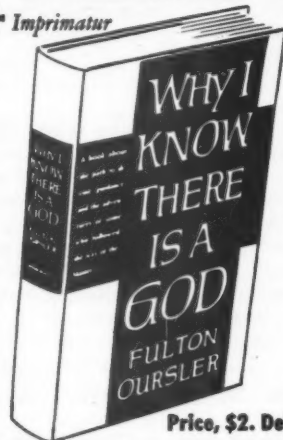
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C. P. BRUDERLE.

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT

By Edward E. Swanstrom. 114 pages.
Sheed & Ward. \$2.50

It is not difficult, after reading a book like this, to understand why the world is on the verge of its third World War in one lifetime. For it is an eye-witness account of the condition of the Expellees in the Western Zones of Germany. While all kinds of sympathy and aid are being extended to the refugees who fled from Nazi or Soviet persecution, the expelled, innocent people who were evicted from their countries with the approval of the democracies under the Potsdam agreement, have been forgotten. Monsignor Swanstrom is here concerned not only for their welfare as individual human beings, as Christian souls, but as a serious threat to the recovery of the Western World and consequently of the entire world.

After giving a graphic account of the great sufferings endured by these people, so brutally uprooted from their homes and dumped like cattle on an already crushed and overburdened country, Monsignor Swanstrom concludes with a four-point plan for the solution of the expellee problem.

In a book crammed full of notable things, special mention must be made of the heroic work of Bishop Kaller who in ministering to his flock lived as poorly as the Expellees themselves. When he died it was said of him: "How rich we were to have such a Bishop—to have a Bishop who was so poor." And we must also note Monsignor Swanstrom's observation that "if there is not complete moral chaos and nihilism among the Expellees of western Europe, I would give

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Edited by Martha Foley. 452 pages.
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This collection is a continuation of the
series started in 1915 by the late Edward
O'Brien. Previous volumes have been
hailed by prominent critics as outstanding
examples of literary merit. In this
book most of the selections are from the
"little" literary magazines which frown
upon the popular magazine "formula"
story as contrived and lacking in truth.
As a consequence most of these offerings
merely depict moods or present psycho-
logical studies and depend upon deft
characterization rather than plot. The
writing is crisp and unadorned but a few
stream-of-consciousness examples are
hard to take. "The Fear of Innocence,"
for instance, I found completely boring.

Most of the world's acknowledged
great short stories have universal appeal.
The contents of this volume, however,
will be appreciated by a limited audi-
ence who like off-trail stories and ex-
perimentation. This reviewer's choice as
excellent are "Shadow of Evil," by James
Aswell, "The Glass Wall," by Victoria
Lincoln, and "Take Her Up Tenderly,"
by Hoke Harris. Although the last
story is based on an unsavory theme and
is not unreservedly recommended, it had



Worth the Risk

► Little Billy's mother was trying
to cure him of the habit of calling
for various attentions after he had
been put to bed each night. One
night, after he had summoned her
to his room twice, he called down
for the third time, demanding a
glass of water.

"I gave you a glass of water a
half-hour ago," his mother called
to him sternly. "Now go to sleep.
If I have to come up there again,
I'm going to spank you hard."

There was silence. But in a
while Billy's voice came again.

"Mother," he said tearfully,
"when you come up to spank me,
will you bring me a glass of real
cold water?"

—Mary L. Mullins

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BOOK CLUBS?

(for answers, see below)

1. What is the only book club to offer you all of the following selections this fall? *Lift Up Your Hearts* by Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen, *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* by Cardinal Newman, *Richelieu* by Hilaire Belloc, *One Moment, Please* by Father James Keller, *The Mary Book* edited by Frank Sheed, and *Helena* by Evelyn Waugh.
2. What is the only Catholic book club to offer regularly two or more selections to choose from?
3. What was the first book club to recognize and select Thomas Merton's *Seven Storey Mountain*?
4. What book club uniquely advertises "Nothing Free" following the old Latin adage, "De nihilo nihil, in nihilum nil" freely translated by our forefathers to read, "Nobody don't never get nothing for nothing, no where, no time, no how."
5. What book club refuses to load you down with "dividend" books but instead gives you a direct and substantial discount on the selections you purchase?
6. What book club prides itself on being different and assumes that its members are intelligent and discriminating and want quality books at bargain prices?
7. What is the only book club to offer its members selections by all these authors: Gerald Vann, O.P., Graham Greene, Philip Hughes, Hope Munz, Theodore Maynard, Clare Boothe Luce, James Keller, M.M., Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen, Louis F. Budenz, Frank Sheed, G. K. Chesterton, Myles Connolly and Jules LeBreton, S.J.?
8. What book club offers you *Books on Trial*, a stimulating magazine devoted to reviews of current books and articles by top Catholic writers, at a special bargain rate?

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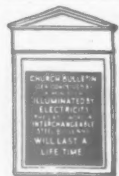
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the most emotional impact. Ironically, it is the only story in the collection that has the "formula" surprise ending.

It would seem that many of these stories were included primarily because they concerned racial or sociological themes, rather than on merit alone. "The NRACP," by George P. Elliott, while not necessarily in the above category, is a well-intentioned, savage satire on our treatment of the Negro, but its effectiveness is weakened by its extreme improbability.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

IN A HARBOUR GREEN

By **Benedict Kiely.**
E. P. Dutton & Co.

256 pages.
\$3.00

Benedict Kiely, born in 1919 in Dromore, County Tyrone, and a graduate of the National University, is one of Ireland's more promising young writers. Although he has published abroad several fictional and literary works, *In A Harbour Green* is his first American publication.

This novel brings to his new readers on this side of the Atlantic a disturbing yet fascinating tale of life among the inhabitants in a tiny Irish village during the late 1930's. The placid surroundings of this peaceful valley spot serve admirably to give depth to the violent contrasts of happiness and tragedy in the lives of the young and old who come alive within these chapters.

In the main, the action centers around the lovely but utterly selfish May Campbell, a young colleen whose rare physical beauty brings torment and delight to Pat Rafferty, a young, amiable farmer lad, and Bernard Feddis, a wealthy, middle-aged solicitor. The ironic twist to the climax of this love triangle is most startling. Some on first reading may miss entirely the author's intent.



Benedict Kiely

Flashes of earthy humor enliven the novel, especially when Kiely allows his ready wit free play in the conversations of the elder Irish characters. He shows, too, a profound sympathy for the lowly folk, those whose lives by chance or circumstance are from the beginning destined to be filled with toil and tragedy.

One may wonder, and justly so, why so much space is devoted to minor characters. As a matter of fact, too many people crowd the pages of this novel. They slow up the action and prevent us from knowing better some of the more important figures in the main plot.

WILLIAM MILLER BURKE.

THE LEGION OF MARY

By **Cecily Hallack.** 240 pages.
Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$3.00

This is a new edition, with additional materials contributed by Fr. Michael O'Carroll, Blackrock College, Dublin, of a popular work, published in the 30's, by Cecily Hallack, who died in 1938. Appended are the special prayers of the Legion.

It is difficult to overestimate the significance and the effectiveness of this world-wide lay organization, founded in 1921 in Dublin, Ireland. And what distinguishes the Legion of Mary from the bland, impersonal (actually uncharitable, because where there is no love of God there can be none for his creatures) bureaucratic efforts of so many "do-gooders" is that (1) its Legionnaires rely utterly upon and work in, through, and with Mary; and (2) their goal is the sanctification of all those whom they serve materially, physically, and spiritually.

This history of the lofty aims, glorious accomplishments, and heartening growth (in Puerto Rico, for example, the movement was introduced after a priest there had read of the Legion in *THE SIGN*) of this organizational hand-maiden of the clergy, is one that we should all know and become a part of. For surely the Legion, working always and exclusively

Incurable

► The doctor was much given to profanity. In the face of obvious difficulties, his wife was trying to reform the language of their five-year-old daughter, Sally.

"If you're going to talk that way, Sally," she warned one day, "you'll just have to find another home."

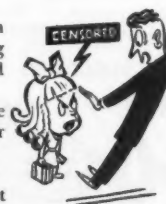
A little later, Sally slipped again.

"All right," said her mother resolutely. "Wait on the front porch. I'll pack your suitcase." Sally stamped out. On the front porch, she waited in stubborn silence.

A friend of the doctor's came up the walk. "Hello, Sally," he greeted cheerfully. "Is your daddy in?"

Sally's dark eyes snapped.

"How the h-ll do I know?" she flashed. "I don't live here any more!"



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ELIZABETH MURPHY NYDEGGER

WHERE I FOUND CHRIST

Edited by John A. O'Brien. 271 pages.
Doubleday & Co. \$2.50

Under this title Father O'Brien has assembled a new panel of witnesses to add to the testimony given in his previous symposium, *The Road to Damascus*.



J. A. O'Brien

A roll call of the authors of these essays on the experience of conversion to Catholicism contains in itself a promise of quality. The reading of their contributions amply justifies this expectation. They range in mood and style from the witty, almost New Yorkerish gaiety of Lucile Hasley, who explains how she took her first step towards the Church in fulfillment of a kind of "gentlemen's agreement" with God, to the mystical intensity of Thomas Merton. Two of these writers remind us, as perhaps we ought more frequently to remind ourselves, that the Church is not the triumphant rival but the perfected continuation of the Synagogue. For David Goldstein and Raissa Maritain it was an important part of their progress toward Catholicism to perceive that the Catholic Church remains constant to the words of its Founder: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am come not to destroy, but to fulfill."

The book has a reward for believing and nonbelieving readers alike. Any reader, Catholic or non-Catholic, must be struck by the reflection that, whereas the rare testimonials which have been given by "opposite numbers" of these converts never seem to get beyond the intellectual and literary level of *Maria Monk*, in this book a group of keen minds, abetted by able pens, have produced excellent and substantial reading matter, overflowing with faith, hope, and charity.

FENTON MORAN.

SHORT NOTICES

THE BOOK OF PSALMS. 302 pages. St. Anthony Guild Press. \$2.00. In this new English translation of the psalms, the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine presents to the public an important unit of a larger objective. The objective is a complete translation of the Scriptures from the original languages. This unit—the Book of Psalms—is the backbone of the word-liturgy of the Church. It provides the text of the greater part of the Divine Office and a considerable portion of the Mass. So that the official

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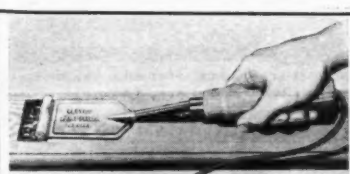
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THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST. By C. V. Hérís, O.P. 214 pages. Newman Press. \$3.50. A distinguished French Dominican offers this commentary on the central idea of the third part of St. Thomas' *Summa Theologica*. Christ is the dominant factor in the life of every Christian. The divine and eternal experience, which we call the beatific vision, is available to us only through His priestly power; and every conscious human activity should be affected and shaped by our relationship with Him. The author analyzes the priestly character of Christ, our relationship with it, and suggests a considerable amount of self-examination and repair of behavior standards. Not that he picks like a schoolmarm at one's conscience. He does not do that. He makes the priestly facts about Christ so clear in their depth and dignity that they imply it.

THE BREAKING OF BREAD. By John Coventry, S.J. 192 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.00. From the title you would correctly conclude that this is a book on the Mass. The title would not, however, tell you that it is not concerned with the theology of the Mass, but with an explanation of how the Mass came to be what it is today, how the brief sacramental formula instituted by Christ came to be presented in the particular dramatic setting which the Latin Church uses in our time. Father Coventry comments extensively on the ordinary Mass prayers; and sixty-four photographs by his colleague, Father John Gillick, S.J., provide a close-up of the detailed ritual that goes on at the altar, actions which ordinarily take place too far from the eye of the average worshiper to be anything but a mystery to him.

REVIEWERS

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THE CHURCH IN JAPAN

(Continued from page 38)

1947	4,048	10,788
1948	6,875	15,278
1949	8,226	19,693

(The 1946 conversion figure was low because the year beginning July 1, 1945, included the last months of the war and the first after the surrender, when life in Japan was particularly abnormal.)

Most of the converts in Japan since the war have been city-folk and most of them well below middle age. Many missionaries report converts among students and among men and women who have recently belonged to the student class. Some notable conversions have taken place among the older generation, however. Several former diplomats, including Mr. Debuchi, one-time Japanese Ambassador to the U. S., have become Catholics since the war. A former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was baptized this year. His successor, a Catholic for the past quarter-century, was his godfather.

The past year has witnessed something unprecedented in the modern history of the Church in Japan—the conversion of a rural village community en masse. It has happened already in the northern half of Saga-mura, a village of Osaka diocese, in the territory confided since the war to the Canadian Redemptorists from Toronto. Last year I was present in Saga-mura when two hundred persons, from babies in arms to men in their seventies, were baptized on one day, the Feast of the Assumption, August, 1949. Smaller groups had already received baptism in the village. I visited another village, Yanasse, in a mountain valley in Wakayama, where the Columban Fathers began work in 1948. All five hundred villagers in Yanasse have asked to become Catholics. They have donated land for a church and have helped in building it. Instruction classes have commenced.

It is too soon to say whether these group conversions are signs of a trend in rural areas. In any event, they constitute two major gains in a conservative section of the population hitherto regarded as most difficult to penetrate.

After subtracting losses by death, the total increase in Japan's Catholic population last year, from baptisms of children of Catholic parents and baptisms of adult converts, was 11,154. In the pre-war era, it took five years, from 1929 to 1934, to attain an 11,000 increase.

The evidence indicates a real, a steady, a progressive movement toward the Faith in Japan. It will continue and develop if the number of missionaries increases, if they can provide enough churches, schools, and hospitals, and if Catholics at home support them with their prayers and sacrifices.

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ALL BRIDES ARE BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from Page 59)

braces me, I am still chaste. Who, when I receive Him, I am still a virgin." Intense, passionate, lovers' lines. Take her, Lord. She's Yours.

Obedience. The hardest of all the vows. To come and go at the tinkling of a bell. To listen humbly while you are corrected. To be told of all your faults. But Carmen says it is the greatest consolation. When the superior speaks it is the voice of Christ, and Carmen knows that she is doing the best thing now! She says that was the strength of the Crusades. When the White Knights rode into battle they stood up in the stirrups and cried: "God wills it! God wills it!" And every time the tiny bell calls her into choir Carmen answers cheerfully, because she knows God wills it.

A sudden silence. The nuns touch Carmen lightly and she rises. The bishop takes a slip of paper and reads out her new name: Teresa of the Holy Wounds.

Good-by, Carmen. God wills it. Teresa of the Holy Wounds.

Now she has slipped through the grille and is moving from nun to nun, embracing them. They hug her tightly as if she were their little sister, and I guess she is. The choir is chanting in Latin: "How good and sweet it is for us to live together." They chant the simplest and the most startling things. That's the way they are, those nuns—simple, fresh, startling—and they hug Carmen, and she belongs to them.

The bishop and the priests file slowly from the altar; the heavy curtain sings across the grille and we can't see Carmen any more—Teresa of the Holy Wounds. The last I saw she was halfway down the choir, reaching up to put her arms around a novice in a long white veil.

The old man stirs beside me. We get up, and genuflect, and go down the aisle. I walk carefully along the edge of the aisle, on the marble flooring, because it seems to me that white carpet was meant only for the feet of Carmen. I am stiff from kneeling. The ceremony took a long, long time.

The women are wiping their eyes, and the old man is blowing his nose. The organ is playing something strong and cheerful, and we step out of the dark doorway into the mellow sunlight of the early morning. Newsboys are hollering about the war in Korea. Our government is searching frantically for ways and means to save the world from ultimate disaster. But it seems to me that Carmen, in her own quiet way, is doing more to save the world from ultimate disaster than our Senate and House and our diplomatic corps all put together. She is touching the heart of God.

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LETTERS

[Continued from page 4]

justice to poor Negroes, Mexicans, Jews, and the poor in general; and with Babylonian riots of luxury at the other end of the social scale, Americans should be down on their knees praying that the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah should not overtake them.

Instead their leaders, some sponsored by gangsters and maintaining openly their contacts with them, are trying to bring "the American Way of Life" to other countries—through the muzzles of high-velocity guns and wrapped up in atom bombs.

Mane, thecel, phares . . .

J. S. WALLACE

Toronto, Canada

Immodest Cover?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The cover of the August number of THE SIGN is a fine piece of photography. I respectfully suggest, however, that a subject more appropriate for a "National Catholic Magazine" might have been found.

MARY WOODLOCK

Boothbay Harbor, Maine

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Have just read the August issue of THE SIGN and found the many articles very interesting, particularly the one by Vincent Hartnett on "How Communism Exploits Sex."

I was, however, displeased with the cover. As a Christian mother it does offend the educational modesty which I know is imperative for our children if they are to become the mature Catholics we wish them to be. I am surprised that THE SIGN would display a picture, which, while perhaps common enough in family groups at the beach, is nevertheless far from suitable for going into thousands of Catholic homes, with the implication that such undress, even for little children, is a proper and suitable mode of attire.

MRS. ALBERT HAMRICK

Ft. Wayne, Ind.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have been a booster for THE SIGN for twenty-five years but was ashamed to show anyone the last issue because of the very naked picture on the front page. It made a liar out of my preaching against the flagrant immodesty of today.

(REV.) JAMES R. COLEMAN
Minneapolis, Minn.

Appeal for Literature

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I would be deeply grateful if you could find a little space in your esteemed magazine to publish this appeal.

I am an invalid, confined to bed most of the time, and as I am very fond of reading I wondered if any of your kind readers had any old Catholic books or magazines that they could possibly send me to help pass away some of the lonely hours.

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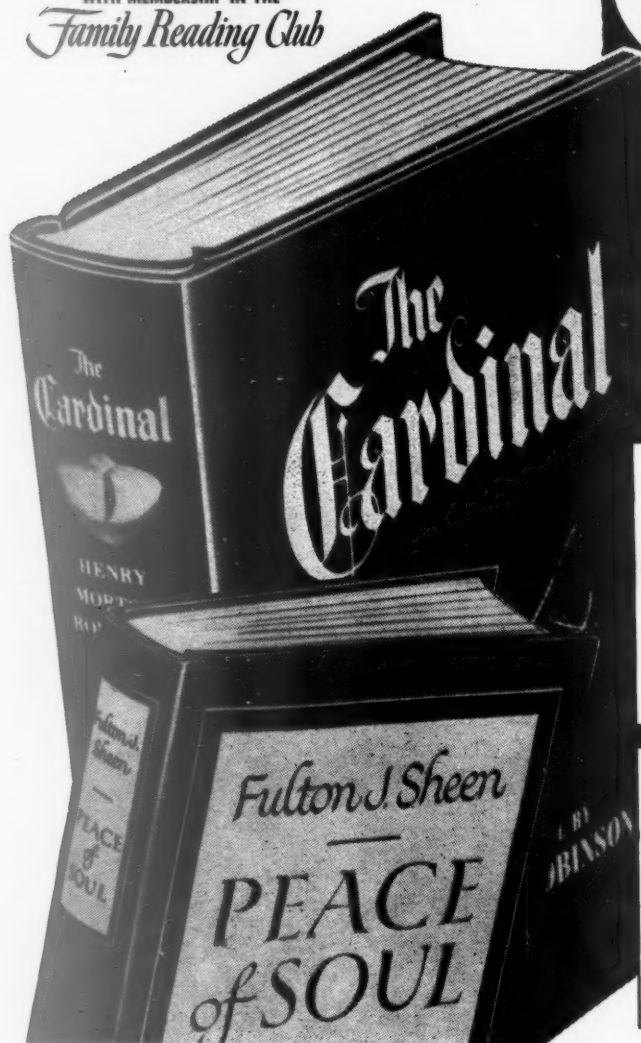
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